

BORROWING THE MAGAZINE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

"MOTHER says will you lend her PETERSON'S MAGAZINE," said a little boy, putting his head in at the parlor door of young Mrs. Winfred. Mrs. Winfred had been married only a few months, and was still the bride of our village; and her husband was sitting with her at this juncture.

"Tell your ma," replied Mrs. Winfred, "that Miss Stanley has it, or I should be happy to oblige her."

When the boy had departed, the husband said, "I don't believe, Mary, you have had time to read the magazine yet yourself: I only brought it home from the post-office last night, and I know you were busy with your household affairs all the morning."

"It's too true," replied Mary, with a sigh. "I never allow myself to read in the morning—work first and recreation afterward—and though I was almost devoured by curiosity, and tempted just to peep into Mrs. Stephens' story, I resisted; and would not even open the book. You were scarcely out of sight after dinner, and I had hardly glanced at that thrilling picture, 'Christian Martyrs in the Coliseum,' when Miss Stanley came in, and said that, as she knew I had received the magazine the night before, she ventured to ask for it to read 'Julia Warren.' I hadn't the heart to refuse her."

"Just like you, Mary," answered her husband, "you have so little selfishness, that you always think of others first. However, you shall not suffer. The paper has come, this week, a day sooner than common, and, what is better, it contains the conclusion of that touching novel by Mr. Arthur, 'The Orphan Children.' See!" And, as he spoke, he drew from his pocket a number of the SATURDAY GAZETTE.

As if fate had intended that the young couple should be cheated out of the first reading of both their periodicals, the door at this instant opened, and Miss Alter entered with her lover, to whom she was to be married in a few months.

"Ah! good evening, Mary," she said, running up to Mrs. Winfred and kissing her. "Good evening, Mr. Winfred," and she nodded pleasantly to him. "I haven't come to stay," she continued, anticipating the request to take off her bonnet, "but we've just heard that the 'Saturday Gazette' has come, and as James and I are dying to finish that beautiful story of 'The Orphan Children,' we thought we'd borrow it for the evening. You

know, as the paper is yours, you'll be able to read it at any time."

Mr. Winfred had been shaking hands with James, who was an old friend, as indeed Miss Alter was also, but he paused at this and burst into a hearty laugh.

"Come now," he said, "Jenny, this is too good. Here has Mary been deprived of the first reading of 'Peterson's Magazine,' by our kind friend, Miss Stanley, and just as I am about to indemnify her by producing the 'Gazette,' you step in and want to borrow it. But you can't do it," he said, playfully shaking it aloft, "The Orphan Children is concluded in it, and both Mary and I are eager to know how the story ends. But I tell you what I'll do," he continued, seeing Jenny's disappointment, "if you and James will spend an hour with us, I'll read the tale aloud to you."

When the affecting narrative was finished, which was not without tears, Mr. Winfred said, as he folded up his paper,

"And now, Jenny, isn't that alone worth two dollars a-year? Come, James, you're an old friend, and I can speak plainly to you; why don't you subscribe for the 'Gazette'? It's the most original of the mammoth weeklies, and has been, in my opinion, the best, ever since it was started by its first projector, the witty Joseph C. Neal, and edited by him and Mr. Peterson, one of its present owners and editors."

"Another of its editors, you know," interposed Mary, "is Mr. Neal's young and interesting widow; it is she who writes all those beautiful things for the children; and contributes so many delightful articles besides. The 'Gazette' is the only paper that has a female among its editors, though I don't see how any journal can be a good family one, without a lady, as well as a gentleman editor."

"And as for the cost," resumed her husband, "it's but four cents a week. I'm sure there's no way four cents can be laid out that will produce as much pleasure. If you get up a club, you obtain the 'Gazette' for a dollar a-year, or two cents a number; but I always prefer to pay the full price, and be independent of others. Besides those who pay the two dollars get that large engraving," and he pointed to a lovely picture of three children, playing in the water, which hung neatly framed over the sofa.

"I declare I never thought of all this before," replied James, "and I'll subscribe to-morrow. Four cents a week! Why, there's not a man in the village, however poor, that doesn't waste that much: and how much better it would be to have, for the sum thus trifled away, an entertaining, and pure newspaper, 'an angel in the house,' as some writer has beautifully called it."

He had just received a look of thanks from Jenny, for this speech, when the door opened, and Miss Stanley was added to the party.

"Glad to see you, Kate," said Mr. Winfred, cordially shaking her hand. "We are just plotting treason here, and want you to join us."

"Oh! don't ask me to think, or talk of any thing, just yet, I'm so full of poor, dear Julia Warren. I've just finished reading the last chapter of Mrs. Stephens' story, which leaves the sweet girl in the witness'-box: and what will become of her I don't know."

"It's about the magazine and newspaper we were talking," said Mr. Winfred: and he added demurely, "Mary and I don't intend to lend our periodicals any more."

"Oh! what shall I do?" cried Kate, in dismay. "You're not serious, you cruel, unjust man."

"Unjust! It's you that are unjust, Kate. Come, answer me—is it fair to Mr. Peterson—I won't say to ourselves—for you to be borrowing the magazine every month, when you're able to subscribe for it?"

"I never thought of that," replied Kate, after a moment's thought. "It is *not* fair. But really, Mr. Winfred, I can't afford it."

But at this both Mr. Winfred and Mary began to laugh: and each speaking in turn, called Kate's attention to so many unnecessary luxuries in dress, and elsewhere, that, in a moment, she confessed her error.

"Then take my advice," said Mr. Winfred, "enclose two dollars at once to Mr. Peterson, and begin with last July, so as to get the continued stories in full."

"I will," replied Kate, "and then I shall get the next chapter of 'Julia Warren,' the very day the magazine reaches here; while, last night, I lay awake for an hour regretting I had to wait till this afternoon."

"And James and I will start out to-morrow," said Mr. Winfred, turning to his friend, "out of mere good feeling to Mr. Peterson, for having made us so happy with his stories, and will raise a club for both the 'Ladies National' and 'Saturday Gazette.' They'll each be unusually good for 1851, especially the magazine, for then we'll have not only Mrs. Stephens' stories, but her letters from Europe: and a better season of the year could not be fixed on to subscribe than now. I want an extra copy for the present year to give away, and that's the way I'll earn it. Come, is it a bargain?"

"Done," said James, "I pledge myself for the 'Gazette' club."

"If every two dollar subscriber would get up a club in addition," said Mary, "what a large list Mr. Peterson would have."

"And what an unequalled magazine, and newspaper he'd give us!" replied all.

JULIA WARREN.

A SEQUEL TO PALACES AND PRISONS.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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CHAPTER XIV.

THE evidence for the prosecution having been closed, the prisoner was called upon for his defence. He had none to offer, except as to his character, and few could testify on this point, for he was but little known in New York. He did not pretend to deny that he was at home on the evening of the murder, that the deceased visited him there, or any other of the suspicious facts which were working so terribly against him in the minds of judge, jury and spectators. He told, in fact, the story of Leicester's suicide, just as we have narrated it, omitting nothing. His simple, unaffected style, however, was not without an effect on the spectators, and even on some of those who held his fate in their hands. More than one eye was wet with tears. It was beautiful to see how his aged wife, who, after vainly attempting to stop Adeline, had returned to her husband's side; it was beautiful to see how she stood, half leaning forward, eagerly listening to the words that fell from his lips, her countenance expressing, in every lineament, her entire confidence in the truth of his narrative. Occasionally she would take her eyes a moment from his face, and glance hurriedly at the judge or jury, as if to see the effect of her husband's words. And when, in any face, she saw a look of interest or sympathy, a triumphant expression would glorify her own wasted countenance, and she would fix her gaze again upon the prisoner, with a reverence and affection such as one angelic spirit might be supposed to cast upon another still holier and higher.

But the effect of the prisoner's story did not long survive, when the acute and eloquent lawyer, who filled the place of the district attorney, began to tear the narrative to pieces. Re-calling the jury's attention to the words of Adeline, that she had seen nothing in Leicester's conduct, the evening of his death, to warrant a suspicion of suicide, he asked if it was probable that a gentleman, so favored by fortune as the deceased had been, would bury a knife in his heart without any apparent motive.

"Believe me, your honor," he said, "the whole story is an idle tale. It carries, indeed, its own refutation, because it bears internal evidence of where, and by whom it was fabricated. Yes! gentlemen of the jury, in the cell of the criminal; and by the accused himself was this preposterous tale made up; for if an acuter mind, or a cooler head had concocted the fiction, we should have had none of these inconsistencies, but a beautifully natural and homogeneous story," and here he spoke in a tone of withering scorn, as he looked straight into the prisoner's face, "that might have baffled us all. But the Almighty," and now, with the art of a consummate orator, he paused and raised his eyes reverently aloft, "has ordered it otherwise, as He ever does where villainy seeks to throw justice from the scent. Is it at all improbable that an old man, the occupant of an obscure basement, and known at times to have been in want of necessary food, should murder the unfortunate Leicester to possess himself of the purse of his victim? Is it half as improbable as that the deceased committed suicide without a cause? Gentlemen of the jury, the prisoner insults your common sense when he admits that he ordered his wife and grandchild from the room, yet tells you that Leicester stabbed himself. I ask triumphantly, for what did the accused seek to be alone with his guest, if he had no design of murder? Was there anything that could pass between Leicester and this poor creature which the whole world might not have known, much less his own family? The evidence of that interesting young creature, his grandchild," and here he directed his eyes to where Julia sat, "is sufficient of itself to convict the accused. You saw, with what reluctance, she told her tale. You beheld, in her countenance—I am sure you did, for I noticed it with pain—that she believed her grandsire criminal. You could not have mistaken the meaning of that swoon, so fearfully eloquent of her own secret convictions. Gentlemen, I honor her for it. She is the old man's grandchild, and herself innocent as an angel; and she cannot bear the torture of

her present situation;—between the secret consciousness of his guilt and the effort to deceive the court, her physical powers, as you have seen, give way. I pity her, I pity the wife, I even pity the criminal himself. No, I re-call the words—I do not pity *him*. When I think of the bloody corpse of the victim; of a man, prosperous and courted, robbed by a single blow of the enjoyments of life; of a soul, of an immortal soul"—with what mournful pathos he pronounced these words—"hurried unprepared into the presence of its Judge, I cannot, I *dare* not pity the prisoner. Sympathy is lost in indignation. The grey hairs of the criminal become an aggravation of his offence. The ignominy which he has heaped upon his family makes me only execrate him the more. Human nature might have excused the act, in part, if it had been perpetrated in the heat of youthful blood, if it had been in revenge for some outrage—but to obtain a few paltry dollars, to win luxuries for one already with a foot in the grave, what can extenuate *such* a crime!"

In a similar strain of rhetoric, enforced by all the arts of elocution, the prosecuting attorney continued for more than an hour; and when he sat down, scarcely a person in the court-room, whatever might have been his former opinion, but thought the prisoner guilty.

During the delivery of this speech poor Mrs. Warren had sat writhing in her seat. To hear the companion of so many years, the loved and venerated husband, thus pitilessly assailed, was more almost than she could bear. She did not know, indeed, what to say; but she half rose, more than once, as if to interrupt the orator. But her husband, divining her purpose even when his eyes were fixed on the speaker, mildly placed his hand on her arm and thus restrained her. Mrs. Gray, too, came near violating the decorum of the place, more than once, by protesting against the inferences of the orator, especially when he charged Julia, so adroitly, with being convinced of her grandfather's guilt. The child herself stared in surprise and terror when she heard this accusation, looking first at the speaker, and then at Mrs. Gray; and twice she had opened her lips to speak, when her purpose was altered by the mild eyes of the prisoner, who, as if suspecting her intention, looked pleadingly toward her. The old man, in truth, was the most composed person of all. He sat listening, with a face of calm submission, scarcely ever removing his eyes from the lawyer, and then only to cast a glance of comfort on his wife, or to beseech Julia's forbearance. Now and then, in the pauses of the orator, he raised his mild, appealing glance to heaven, as if there only could he hope for justice—but this was all!

The counsel for the prisoner now followed. He did his best, in the circumstances, dwelling on all the strong points of the old man's story, and artfully passing over those portions of the narrative which told against his client. He drew a beautiful picture, too, of the prisoner's harmless mode of life, and then, with a few skillful touches, brought up the scene that would be presented, in the innocent family, if the accused should be convicted. His hearers acknowledged the fidelity and pathos of this delineation by audible sobs; and when he sat down, the sentiments of a large portion of the spectators had undergone an entire change.

But the belief in the prisoner's guilt, which had thus fluctuated to and fro continually, was now to be fixed unchangeably by the charge of the judge. It is strange how a few words from the bench, in a protracted and difficult trial like the present, will alter the opinion of the spectators and even of the jury. His honor began by guarding the jurors against the eloquence of the two advocates; but particularly against the appeals, to which they had just listened, in behalf of the prisoner's family. He especially cautioned them against allowing any sympathy for the grey hairs of the accused to influence their calmer judgment. "Try this case by the facts, gentlemen," were his words, "and dismiss every other consideration from your minds. Now what *are* the facts?"

He then proceeded, in the most masterly manner, to examine the evidence, rejecting, with the skill acquired by long practice, everything that was immaterial. The case, as he thus presented it, was even more terrible against the prisoner, than the good old man, in his most desponding moments, had thought it: indeed the idea of innocence appeared now almost irreconcilable with the testimony. It was painful to witness how the cold, hard logic of the judge removed prop after prop from the prisoner's case, until nothing scarcely was left to support a hope of acquittal. The poor wife, Julia, Robert, and even Mrs. Gray herself gazed at the speaker, with appalled and horror-struck faces. They could not remove their eyes from him even to regard each other. They felt that sand after sand of the prisoner's life was slipping away beneath the words of the bench, and between this momentarily increasing conviction and the lingering hope that the judge might yet find something to say in his favor, they hung breathless and absorbed on every word.

But no, the charge was over, and little chance of escape was left. From first to last the judge had reasoned against the possibility of the prisoner's innocence. Every new fact brought up by his honor appeared to be more convincing of

the guilt of the accused than any which had gone before; and one by one, the faces of those spectators who had entertained a hope of the old man's innocence, became darkened, until scarcely an eye but regarded him with abhorrence. When the judge ceased, and the jury arose to retire, the hush that had hitherto prevailed throughout the court-room was broken by a confused buzz of voices, in which the guilt of the prisoner was freely asserted. These audible exclamations, however, were confined to the more remote portions of the crowd: those persons near the prisoner or his friends carefully abstained from insulting misfortune. Indeed a few even regarded the accused with pity, attributing his crime to extreme need rather than to malice.

The afternoon had now worn away, and twilight was fast darkening the room. The judge, calling a tipstaff, desired to know whether there was a chance of the jury making up a verdict soon, and being answered in the affirmative, ordered the lamps to be lighted. Before this could be done it was quite dark. The carriages could be heard rattling homeward outside, but within all was silent. A deep, painful hush hung over the court-room—the hush of a terrible suspense! And yet scarcely a suspense, for the heart of each spectator forewarned him of what the verdict would be. The prisoner's friends still hoped, indeed; but alas! it was with a dread that made the delay inexpressibly torturing.

At last, just as the few dusty lamps were lit, and a feeble glimmer spread over the crowd, for the room was nowhere fully lighted except immediately around the bench and bar, a tipstaff announced that the jury had made up a verdict, and were waiting to deliver it. Scarcely had he spoken, when, from a side door, the twelve arbiters of life and death, entered, like sad, yet avenging fates, with downcast faces, and slow and solemn steps.

If my readers have never seen a verdict rendered in a capital case, they can form no adequate conception of this awful crisis, when the suspense of the spectators, but especially of the accused is at last to be broken, and it is to be publicly proclaimed, whether the prisoners shall live an honored citizen, or die a convicted felon—whether his family shall be made a mock and bye-word, or restored to all the bliss of former innocence and happiness. Inexpressible are the alternatives that present themselves to him, at such a moment! It is generally impossible, even for the most hardened criminals, to retain their equanimity at this point of the trial; they flush and are then pale, they clutch the bar before them, they breathe thick and hard, and some have even been known to fall senseless in a fit of apoplexy. But, on this occasion, the accused, as those contiguous

to him noticed and remembered afterward, was as calm as he had been at any moment of the day. An instantaneous flush over his mild, wan face was seen by a few of those nearest to him, but it passed as quickly as it came, and with no other evidence of emotion than elevating his eyes a moment to heaven, he turned to face the jury.

The clerk now rose, and while every ear hung breathless on his words, proceeded formally with his duties.

"Prisoner, look upon the jury," he said, turning to the accused, "jury, look upon the prisoner."

The old man arose immediately, firmly and composedly, yet not proudly. He did not even lean on the bar for support, though his great age might have excused this in him, innocent as he was; but he stood so calm and erect that but for the grey hairs falling over his shoulders, he might have been thought in the prime of life. One hand hung carelessly by his side, but the other clasped that of his wife. His eye rested fearlessly on the jury, and yet without bravado: there was, indeed, no attempt whatever at display on his part.

The jury, it was remarked, were infinitely less at ease than the prisoner. Not one of them dared to meet his eye. They glanced nervously around, or at the judge, but not on him, or his friends. It was as if their secret hearts protested instinctively against the verdict their reason had dictated, and so made them, those twelve arbiters of fate, cowards before one old man.

"How say you, gentlemen of the jury?" asked the clerk, in the usual formality, "is James Warren, the prisoner at the bar, guilty or not guilty in manner and form as he stands indicted?"

A pin might have been heard to fall in that crowded court-room, during the momentary interval that elapsed between the question of the clerk and the answer of the foreman. The demeanor of those most deeply interested was strikingly characteristic in this crisis. Mrs. Warren shook as in an ague-fit; Mrs. Gray stretched forward her head, in eager curiosity, until the famous double chin quite disappeared; and Julia, her lips apart in anxiety and terror, clenched her little hands together so that the nails cut deeply into the flesh. The whole audience was breathless with interest.

"Guilty!" replied the foreman.

The words had scarcely left his mouth when poor Mrs. Warren, starting wildly to her feet, gazed an instant with a glance of mingled despair and entreaty around the throng of faces, and then staggering forward, with a cry like that of a bird struck with a mortal wound, she fell heavy and senseless to the floor.

There was a rush of those immediately around,

to the sufferer. When they reached her, the prisoner had already stooped and raised her in his arms; and from him Mrs. Gray received her, Julia, with a courage above her years, assisting. The crowd, with heart-felt sympathy opened a way to the door, and as soon as possible the insensible form was carried into an adjoining room.

It was a mournful sight to see the prisoner, as his eyes followed his receding wife and grandchild. When, at last, the door closed after them, he heaved a deep sigh, and hastily brushed a tear from his eye with the back of his hand. Then he turned once more and looked upon the jury.

It took but a few moments, after this, to conclude the formalities. The clerk asked the jury, as usual, if the verdict was the verdict of all, and being answered in the affirmative, proceeded to record it. Immediately after, the officers approached to conduct the condemned to his cell.

The judge now rose, with a yawn, from his seat; the district attorney began to tie up his papers; the lawyers within the bar broke out at once into noisy conversation; and a sound of many voices, mingled with the loud shuffling of feet, arose from every part of the room as the dense mass of spectators, amid a perceptible cloud of rising dust, moved toward the entrance.

The interest of the scene, in fact, was over for all but the victim and his friends; and court and spectators left the room as they would have left a theatre when the play was done. Such alas! is life.

CHAPTER XV.

It was late in the morning, yet Adeline Leicester had but just risen, and was now seated, after declining breakfast, in the boudoir we have already once described. Even in the clouded light that struggled through the closed curtains, it could be seen that she was very pale; and a look of irrepressible anguish around the mouth, betrayed that this paleness was the result of mental, not of physical suffering.

In truth she had not slept all night. The terrible revelation, which her confronting the prisoner had brought about, was continually present to her, and she saw herself the murderer of her own parent. Nothing, in the whole range of tragedy, could be conceived more awful than her feelings. The almost insane thirst to revenge the death of Leicester, which had possessed her entirely up to this crisis, still struggled in her bosom against the yearnings of filial affection and the horrors of a fratricide. Pride, too, was at work in that wild, misguided heart. How could she, the courted and wealthy woman of fashion, acknowledge the prisoner to be her father, and thus, not only confess her compara-

tively obscure parentage, but proclaim herself the wife of a suicide? And would not the publication of so strange a history lead to further inquiry? Who could tell where it might end? There were secrets in the past which that haughty woman shuddered to have proclaimed to the world. Under the control of these feelings, all crowding in madly upon her, she had rushed, as we have seen, from the court-room, agitated and horrified, seeking to escape from herself like one pursued by an avenging Nemesis.

More than once, after reaching her magnificent dwelling, she was on the point of returning to the court-room in hopes to save her parent. But pride still interposed. She paced her splendid apartments to and fro, in a state of mind bordering on phrenzy, until twilight set in, and the consciousness that the trial was over broke upon her. Yet still repose and quiet fled from her. She retired to her couch, but could not sleep. Conflicting emotions warred within her bosom, and drove her almost into insanity. Until long after midnight she lay tossing upon her pillow, and when at last, exhausted by her violent emotions, she fell asleep, it was only to be visited by terrific dreams. Late on the following morning she awoke, pale and languid. She had just sent away her breakfast untasted, when the door opened, and Jacob Strong stood before her.

A pang of sudden pain shot across her face, and she turned away her face peevishly.

"What brings you here?" she said, at last, sharply, finding that he did not speak, but stood silent before her.

"I waited to see the end of the trial," was his reply, in a firm, but sad voice; and he fixed his eyes on her as if he would read her soul.

"Well?"

The word was spoken sharply and angrily.

"He was found guilty!"

Jacob Strong saw a convulsive shudder pass over his mistress at these words: she drew her shoulders quickly together, as if a shot had struck her, and uttered a low cry of anguish. After a moment she said again, angrily,

"Well?"

"As this morning was the last day of the term, they brought him up for sentence: it was death."

With a sudden motion Adeline Leicester turned and faced the speaker. Her face was as white as a grave-cloth; but her lips were tightly compressed, and her eye gleamed like those of an angry tigress. She rose to her feet, advancing menacingly toward Jacob Strong.

"And dare you come here," she said, "to torture me? Dare you force me to drag this intelligence from you by questions? Go on, and tell me I have killed him—that is what you would be

at—speak out then like a man, and don't stand there, with your white face, like a coward."

She was, for once, beside herself. If there could be such a thing as a human being transformed into a wild beast, it was there now. Jacob had mechanically retreated toward the door, his face, as she said, whiter than a shroud. But her taunt roused him. He confronted her.

"God knows," he said, solemnly, "I did not come to torture you. And had I been a coward I had not come."

Her momentary phrenzy was over. She sank upon the nearest sofa, covered her face with her hands, and groaned audibly.

But no tears came to her relief. Her whole frame shook convulsively, and, for a while, Jacob Strong thought she would die; but her agony was too unutterable for weeping. At last, softly approaching her, he ventured to speak,

"I knew you would wish to hear the result. So I remained in the court-room till the trial was over, and then, learning that sentence was to be pronounced to-day, determined to wait." And then, hesitating a moment, he added in a lower voice, "I have seen him."

For a full minute there was no reply. The form of Adeline Leicester still shook as convulsively as ever: it seemed, indeed, as if her physical system was being racked to pieces by her mental agonies. But, at last, she grew calmer, and then, but without raising her head, she said,

"Did he speak of me?"

"He did. I had to tell him all."

Suddenly Adeline Leicester raised her queenly head, pushed her dishevelled hair back from her face, and asked,

"Did you tell him of Leicester?"

"I did."

Her large, burning eye continued to rest upon him, as if she would penetrate his most secret heart, and then, though with an effort, she said,

"All?"

"All."

He answered firmly, his eye never flinching before hers. She understood the full meaning of the reply, and, as if suddenly deprived of the power to remain upright, sank back again into her seat. But she no longer sobbed. She leaned her head on her hand, and, for awhile, seemed lost in deep thought. The storm of horror had passed off; the time for action had come; and, with the characteristic energy of her nature, she rose from the blow.

For full ten minutes she remained thus, Jacob Strong continuing to regard her in silence. At last she raised her eyes, and said quickly,

"At what time does the Albany boat start?"

"At five o'clock."

"What is it now?"

"It has just struck one," said Jacob Strong, regarding the elegant French time-piece on the mantel.

"Have the carriage ready to take me to the boat—tell Catharine to come here——"

She waved her hand impatiently, but he still lingered, his eyes questioning her, though he said nothing. She understood him.

"I can get a pardon," she exclaimed, hurriedly, "I know I can—I will—I must. I cannot see him till I have done that. Send him word to that effect." And then, giving way to a sudden burst of agony, she added, "oh! God, that it should come to this—my husband a suicide, or I a murderer!"

A tear dimmed the eye and rolled down the honest countenance of Jacob Strong as he left the room.

"She is right," he said, to himself. "Her testimony decided his fate, and she alone should bring salvation."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE servant had just finished his daily morning task of cleaning the door-steps of the executive mansion, at Albany, when a carriage drove up, and a lady, closely veiled, descended from it. In addition to the driver, there sat, on the coachman's box, a tall, spare man, attired in a style above that of a common servant, who, the instant the coach stopped, leaped from his place and assisted the lady out.

"Shall I wait?" he said.

"No," was the reply, "go to the hotel. I may be detained for a long time."

The man bowed, and re-taking his seat, drove off, while the lady entered the hall of the executive mansion.

"The governor has not yet breakfasted," said the servant apologetically, leaving his bucket of water, and following the lady into the hall. "Could you call an hour or two later?"

"I will wait," said Adeline Leicester. "My business will not admit of delay. Show me into a room, and give my card to his excellency as soon as he is at leisure."

The dignified tone in which Adeline spoke, as if accustomed to obedience, prevented further expostulation on the part of the servant.

"Walk in this way, ma'am," was the obsequious reply, and the door into the parlor was thrown open. "I will hand your card to the governor as soon as he comes down."

It was a large, back parlor into which Adeline Leicester was shown. The room was comfortably, though not elegantly furnished: nothing of the splendor of Adeline's own apartments, indeed, was visible. A table stood in the centre of the room, littered with papers, some tied neatly

with red tape, others lying carelessly open. A large, high-backed, arm-chair, covered with green morocco, was drawn close up to this table. Several pens lay about, on the different papers, and some sand was spilled on a law-book that stood by the ink-standish.

Adeline took a seat by one of the back windows, and drew back her veil. She could scarcely be recognized, so much had she altered in two days. Her eyes were unnaturally large, and surrounded by a dark circle; her cheek looked sunken; her complexion was parchment-like; and the lines of suffering about the corners of her mouth were even more strongly marked than they had been the day before. Those who had seen her in the blaze of her beauty at Saratoga, or at her mansion in New York, would not have known her now.

About fifteen minutes had elapsed when the door opened, and a large and intellectual-looking man entered the parlor. He was attired plainly, but there was an unmistakable air of authority in his port and presence, which would have marked him out, even in a crowd of strangers, as distinguished above the mass. His countenance was particularly engaging, mild and amiable, yet evidencing a high order of intellect: it was one of those faces in which heart and mind are alike exhibited, and which win confidence at once. He advanced smiling and extending his hand. But, as he approached Adeline, he appeared to hesitate. It was, for a moment only, however; he immediately recovered himself, and said kindly,

"I believe I am not mistaken, after all, and that this is the Mrs. Garden, that I met at Saratoga. For what am I indebted to the honor of this visit."

Adeline had risen, but the governor waved her to her seat, and drawing his own chair near her, he awaited her business.

It was a moment before his guest could find words to speak. The position of a suppliant, so unusual to her, embarrassed her exceedingly; and this, added to the momentous nature of her errand, deprived her, for a while, of speech. At length she summoned energy to reply.

"We did meet there," she said, "and I come now to presume, in part, on that acquaintance. In fact," she continued, with an effort, "I have visited Albany to solicit your clemency in behalf of an old man, now lying under sentence of death in New York—James Warren."

She pronounced the name with difficulty, indeed could scarcely get it out. The governor's face immediately assumed a serious, embarrassed aspect, and he looked away from Adeline, as if afraid to meet her gaze. She noticed this change in his manner, and continued eagerly,

"I know him to be innocent, I will pledge my life for it. I have prepared a hasty narrative, which I trust you will peruse before you decide: I wrote it out lest your engagements might prevent you listening to the story from my own lips. The victim, in this case," she added, hesitatingly, "was well known to me, and was at my house the evening of the murder. At the trial," she continued, making a resolute effort to proceed, "I gave testimony, which I then believed to be true, to the effect that Mr. Leicester did not act as if he contemplated suicide, but a review of his demeanor, made calmly since, convinces me that I was wrong. That evidence, I fear, convicted the prisoner. It is because, unintentionally, I did him so great a wrong, that I now seek to repair it, as far as possible, by procuring him a pardon."

"He has certainly an earnest advocate," said the governor, as she paused.

"I am sure," emphatically added Adeline, "that, when you have considered the subject, you will extend the executive clemency. The prisoner is an old man, and has always borne an irreproachable character. He formerly lived in Maine, where he was a man of some substance, and affidavits, to any extent, could be procured from thence to establish the harmlessness, and even piety of his character."

"I am afraid this would be of little use," replied the governor, after a moment's hesitation, drumming upon the arm of his chair with his fingers. "I have perused the evidence in this case, as published in the newspapers—it is of an unusual kind—and I have been deeply interested in it. In an emergency like this, when called on to interfere with a pardon, it is best to be frank, and I fear that it will be impossible for me to do anything——"

He stopped suddenly, for Adeline convulsively clasped her hands, while an expression of unutterable anguish shot over her face. Her great interest in the case, notwithstanding what she had said, puzzled her hearer, for this exhibition of emotion was extraordinary, and inexplicable. He knew nothing of Adeline's relationship to the prisoner, nor was it her purpose to enlighten him, if it could be avoided.

"Do not say that," she ejaculated, breathlessly, "you have not considered that I, who once believed him guilty, am now convinced of his innocence."

"My dear madam," replied his excellency, "my feelings are entirely with you. It is, at all times, inexpressibly painful to me to refuse an application like this; and I never do, when I can reconcile it to my notions of duty, when, in a word, there is a doubt in favor of the condemned."

"Oh! then you will pardon him—I know you will."

"I will, at least, most maturely consider the question," answered the governor, affably, "I will myself write to the judge, and tell him what you say. I will also lay the case before the attorney general. Personally I lean to clemency—of that you may rest assured. A lady of your position would not, I am convinced, interest yourself thus in favor of this poor man, unless thoroughly convinced of his innocence."

As his excellency spoke, he rose from his seat, a movement which Adeline took as an intimation that the interview was ended. She rose also.

"I shall be impatient, of course, for an answer," she said, with as much composure as she could assume, "and hope that your excellency will let me hear from you as soon as possible. If there is any new point that suggests itself, I shall be at hand to answer it, and I beg that you will apply to me. I cannot return to New York while this thing is in doubt."

"I fear your stay here," said the governor, kindly, "will only inconvenience you; and, believe me, your client's interests will be as well attended to as if you were in Albany. You may safely leave them, my dear madam, in my hands. And now," he added, as a bell rang suddenly, "will you not stay and breakfast with us? You look fatigued—you have travelled all night—perhaps you have not yet had your morning's meal. My good wife, I am sure, will be glad to renew her acquaintance with you. Mrs. Garden has always been one of her favorites."

A faint smile stole over the face of Adeline. The unaffectedly benevolent manner of the governor soothed her agitated bosom: she felt inexpressibly grateful to him. But she had no heart to accept the civility thus tendered, and accordingly she declined it.

The governor himself accompanied her to the door. As she approached the entrance, she drew the veil again over her face. At the corner of the next street, a man stood waiting for her, who, when she came up, followed unostentatiously in her rear.

The governor watched her till out of sight, and then, sighing, closed the door and walked into the breakfast-room.

CHAPTER XVII.

NOTWITHSTANDING the governor's remonstrance, Adeline's anxiety would not allow her to leave Albany. But when she had remained nearly a fortnight, she received a note from his excellency, stating that the case could not possibly be decided for two or three months. On this, with a heavy heart, she returned to New York.

During this interval Jacob Strong had more than once trembled for her reason. She kept her room, for most of the time, brooding over the past. She was humbled, even abased; and yet, at times, she would rise up against her load of anguish with a rebellious spirit, that was awful to behold. Something of pride, too, was still left in her, as was shown by her adhering to the silence, which from the first she had maintained respecting her connexion with Leicester and her relationship to the prisoner.

Her first visit, when she returned to New York, was to the cell of the condemned. Her parents had been prepared for receiving her; but Julia, it was thought best, should not be present at this interview. Jacob Strong accompanied his mistress to the door of the cell, and there left her, waiting outside with the keeper till the meeting should be over.

All Adeline Leicester's firmness forsook her as she entered the corridor leading to her father's dungeon. A thousand recollections of the past crowded upon her, driving the blood back upon her heart, turning her cheek ashy pale, and making her knees totter under her: indeed if she had not clutched at her servant's arm she would have fallen. She thought of the old homestead in Maine, of the happy days of her childhood, of sitting by the blazing chimney-place on winter evening's while her father read the Bible aloud. She thought of the pride with which her parents regarded her budding beauty, of the many humble suitors whom she had in turn dismissed, and of the coming of one at last, a glittering snake, who, with honied words and courtly manners, had seduced her affections and made her a disobedient child. She thought of the night when she stole away from the old homestead. And then, fast and thick, came other memories:—memories of her quarrels with Leicester, of his base desertion, of her life abroad, of the fortune she had inherited, of her return to America, of that interview with her husband in the upper chamber, of his death, of her remorse, of her thirst for vengeance, of the trial scene, and, lastly, of her grey-headed parent about to suffer on the scaffold through her unholy revenge. What wonder she almost sank and died in the corridor, rather than enter that cell.

"This way, ma'am," said the keeper, unlocking an iron door, and swinging it wide open, "the old man is always at his Bible, I declare."

As he spoke, Adeline, with a violent effort, raised her eyes. Sitting on the low bed, with his wife beside him, her hand held in his, and the word of God open on his lap, while the eyes of both were directed to the sacred page, was the prisoner. The slightly bent head, with its

thin grey hairs streaming over it; the mild eye, as he raised it to see who intruded on his privacy; the glad look that illumined the whole countenance as he recognized his daughter; and the sudden start with which he rose, placed the Bible on the bed, made a step forward, and extended his arms—oh! how can any human pen adequately describe all this.

Adeline had stopped on crossing the threshold. She stood for one moment irresolute, as the door clanged to behind her, trembling in every limb, the self-convicted fratricide, and not daring to look up again. But when she heard her father's advancing step, and venturing a glance, beheld his open arms, she staggered forward, and with a wild sob, as if her heart was breaking, tottered into his embrace.

"Father—father," was all she could say, between choking tears, that shook her frame as a tempest shakes a mighty forest.

In that moment, Leicester, the world, all were forgotten. She was no longer the haughty woman, but the simple, rustic daughter, her heart throbbing with all its old mysterious yearnings.

"My child," said the old man, with a shaking voice, "my child, that was lost and is found, that was dead and is restored again."

He lifted up his mild countenance to heaven as he spoke, while his daughter, with her face buried on his bosom, half knelt before him. At this crisis, the mother, who had started back shuddering, when Adeline first appeared, her horror combatting, for a moment, with her maternal love, rushed forward, and clasping her arms around her daughter and husband, burst into a wild fit of weeping.

"Oh! Ada—Ada," she said, between her sobs, "you have come back at last—why did you leave us so long?"

Then again she gave way to convulsive weeping. Her daughter made no reply, except to partially turn and throw one arm around her mother; and thus clasping each parent, she sank to her knees on the cold, hard floor before them.

"If you had been here this would not have happened," said Mrs. Warren again, brokenly, "there, don't cry as if your heart would break, dear Ada—you didn't mean to do it—did she, father?"

It is inexpressible how that one word went to Adeline's heart. She had not heard it, from those lips, since she was a guileless girl; and it woke a thousand, thousand memories in her bosom. All the days of her happy childhood came rushing back upon her. In one minute she lived years. Emotions crowded, chokingly, upon her; she gasped for breath; she thought she was about to die. She could not speak, but she strained her parents convulsively toward her,

her gusts of weeping almost shaking the solid floor.

But her father, who had long freely forgiven all, could not bear to see his child kneeling before him. He stooped feebly and strove to raise her.

"We have all erred and strayed like lost sheep," he said, using unconsciously the words of Scripture, which were more familiar to him now than ordinary language. "But God, in his mercy, has forgiven us. Rise, my child: do not kneel to one like me."

It was beautiful to see how, at these words, the two old people, as if moved by one impulse, supported the weeping Adeline to her feet, and tenderly seated her on the bed, where they placed themselves one on either side, each holding a hand of their long lost child.

"Father, mother," sobbed the daughter, weeping first on the shoulder of one, then on that of the other, "to think that we should meet here—I believed you dead—I could not find you at the old homestead, nor discover any traces of you elsewhere—and now, that I have met you, it is to see you a prisoner—condemned—and by my own testimony——"

She broke off abruptly, wildly weeping again. The emotions, long pent up in that haughty bosom, having once given way, the flood of passion and sorrow that burst forth, sweeping every thing angrily before it, was terrible to behold.

"Don't blame yourself, Ada dear," said Mrs. Warren, coaxingly, as she would have lulled an infant, "you couldn't help it—you didn't know us—you thought you spoke the truth."

"Yes, my child," mildly said her father, tenderly kissing her, "it was not your fault. It was the will of God. I see now his wonder-working Providence, which, at first, was so obscure to me, and which, more than once, I was tempted to rebel at. Had I not been arrested for this pretended murder, we should never have known you again; never have had the joy of this day; and, when we died, which must soon have happened to people as old as my wife and I, who would have taken care of dear Julia? I repine no longer at my fate," he said, lifting his countenance above, his eye rapt and every feature glowing, till a spectator might have thought him already a saint glorified in heaven, "I repine no longer at my fate. I am a decayed, worthless trunk—left alone in the woods—and if the tempest, by laying me low, gives prosperity to others, I am ready to go. Yes! Almighty Father, I confess my sin in that I have doubted, at times, thy goodness, forgetting that thou hast said, thou wilt bring the blind by a way they knew not, and make darkness light before us."

"But you shall not die," cried Adeline, eagerly, "I will obtain your pardon. I already have a

partial promise of it." And in hurried, and almost incoherent words, she narrated her journey to Albany, and her interview with the governor.

Poor Mrs. Warren was half beside herself with joy, when she heard this account. She already saw her husband, in fancy, delivered from his bonds; and throwing her arms around her child, she blessed Adeline as their deliverer.

But the prisoner himself gave way to no such illusions. As, before his trial, he had entertained no hope of an acquittal, so now he had a foreboding that Adeline's intercession would be powerless. Yet he hesitated to tell either of the females of his conviction. He only said,

"God's ways are not as our ways, and we must bow to His will, whatever that may be. If it is His wish that I should be freed, I will go all my days rejoicing in his goodness; but if He thinks best that I should die, I will pray for grace to meet the awful trial. Was He not wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities, and shall we complain? He made his grave with the wicked, yet he had done no violence; but the Lord laid upon him the iniquity of us all."

He spoke like one inspired, not as a common man. And when, after awhile, Mrs. Warren burst into loud wailing, as a dread of Adeline's failure to obtain a pardon arose in her mind, he took her in his arms, and went on, speaking like a prophet of God.

"It will be for but a little while, dear wife, at the most, that we shall be separated. You will soon follow me, I know; indeed, even without this, we could not hope to live long. In a few years, at most, we shall meet in heaven—wife, daughter, grandchild, all!" The whole three were weeping, the women loudly, he gently, while he continued, in the figurative language of Scripture, "no lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon; it shall not be found there: but the redeemed shall walk there: and the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Him with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy, and gladness, and sorrow, and sighing shall flee away."

How triumphant were his tones, how exulting every lineament of his face! He seemed already to have entered into that glorified state of existence of which he so rapturously spoke, to hear himself the shouts of hallelujah that swell forever around the great, white throne.

In scenes like this passed the interview, Adeline seeking to hold out hope, the prisoner laboring, in his almost apostolic way, to cheer and comfort his wife and daughter.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The ensuing day the mother and child had their first interview. It was now that Julia

understood the mysterious yearnings, which, from the first hour she had seen Adeline, had drawn her toward her parent. She could not entirely overcome the awe which she had always felt in the presence of this proud, strange woman; but an instinctive love struggled with, and partially kept down this feeling. There was much of her mother's history, indeed, of which she knew nothing; and much which she could not entirely comprehend: a mystery was, therefore, combined with her sympathy and affection, which colored all her emotions toward this new found parent. Still she loved Adeline with a strange intensity, which made the mother, so long unused to similar devotion, almost doubt if such a blessing could be permanently permitted to her. Indeed, the affection and sympathy of Julia soon became dearer to Adeline than life itself. They were the sole consolations left her in her lonely and fatal path.

The world, however, still knew Adeline Leicester only as Mrs. Garden. The concealment of her relationship to the prisoner, which pride had dictated at first, prudence now counselled. Adeline well knew that her intercession, as a wealthy leader of fashion, supposed to be guided only by ordinary motives of pity, would be far more powerful than if she acknowledged herself to be the daughter of the criminal. Even the presence of Julia, at her house, did not raise suspicion. Indeed, Adeline now saw but little company, and, therefore, the addition of a new member to her household, and one so tenderly cared for, was generally unknown. Her visits to the prisoner were more universally circulated in fashionable gossip. But while, by some, these were attributed to eccentricity, and, by others, to pity for an old man whom her own testimony had assisted to convict, none guessed the close relationship subsisting between the haughty leader of ton and the obscure prisoner. Even the keepers of the jail knew nothing of the true connexion of the parties; for the wealth and influence of Adeline had obtained for her the privilege of seeing the prisoner alone, a mercy, alas! denied to the poor.

Week glided after week meantime, and month followed month, yet still no message had been received from Albany. The term of the prisoner's existence was drawing to a close. The old man had constantly asserted that he would not be pardoned; and this conviction began now to be shared by all except Adeline and his poor wife. Mrs. Gray had long given up all hope. She came, as usual, to the market, but her countenance was less smiling than of old; and though customers still flocked to her stall, allured by the excellence of her fruits, they missed the pleasant sallies with which she had formerly greeted them. She had met Adeline but once or twice, and did

not see Julia as frequently as of old. To the mother she was cold and reserved, for she remembered her brother, and though Jacob assured her he did not blame his mistress, and that she was more to be pitied than condemned, the good woman's reason was not convinced. The truth is that the haughty nature of Adeline was instinctively repellant to one constituted like Mrs. Gray: there existed between them an antipathy of natural character, which nothing could have ever removed; and it was this, and not what the good woman fancied, which kept her heart from warming to Julia's mother.

As the period appointed for the execution approached, Adeline Leicester almost went mad with terror and suspense. At last she could endure her situation no longer. She resolved to visit Albany again, to see the governor personally once more, and not to return without a pardon.

For she could not, even yet, believe that it was intended to carry the sentence into execution. She could not imagine how any impartial person could believe the old man guilty. She persuaded herself that the delay in sending a pardon, had been occasioned by the forgetfulness of the attorney general, or governor. The deep interest which she had in the question had, in fact, clouded her usually correct judgment. Yet she feared that, through some mistake, the case might yet be overlooked. Ten days, therefore, before the time appointed for the fatal sacrifice, she departed for Albany.

"Rely upon my success," were almost her last words. "I know I shall triumph. And then, oh! then, what happy days we shall spend together yet, far away from this horrible city, which, from its connexion with these events, I shall ever hate. We will go to some lovely spot in the far west, where all will be ignorant of this false accusation, and where you will be known as you really are, dear father; and there your prodigal daughter will sit at your feet, and learn how to subdue this proud and wilful heart; and there Julia will, at last, love her mother, and respect her, for the good she sees that mother do; and there—there we will live together and die together." And, at this picture of happiness, she broke off abruptly and burst into tears.

Her eager words, her air of perfect conviction cheered all, for a moment—all but the one most nearly concerned. He smiled faintly, and answered,

"God bless you, my child, and give you strength to bear the result, be it what you wish, or be it otherwise. As for me, I am so happy to see my child restored to me, and still loving her old parents, that I could depart in peace. And even without this I should no longer dread to suffer.

Has not one greater than I poured out his soul in death, and under circumstances more unjust and appalling. He was brought like a lamb to the slaughter, as a sheep before his shearers he was dumb—why should a sinful man complain?"

In this strain he continued to talk; and thus they parted: she full of hope, he consoling her in the event of a possible failure.

Adeline's first visit, when she reached Albany, was to the executive mansion. She did not even go to the hotel, to change her travelling attire, but despatching Jacob Strong thither with her baggage, repaired immediately to the governor's house.

"Is his excellency in?" she said, when the coachman had rung, and a servant appeared at the door, so far forgetting the character of the fastidious Mrs. Garden as to speak from the carriage.

"He is out of town."

Had an arrow been shot to her heart, Adeline Leicester could not have fallen back, in her seat, more paralyzed. Out of town, when but nine days of her father's life were left! But, in an instant, came the reflection that this absence of the governor was only a reason for greater exertions on her part. Wherever he was he could be followed. She had wealth to spend; gold could be made to flow in torrents; she would have pursued him to the world's end if it had been possible and necessary. She roused herself, therefore, and eagerly leaning from the carriage, said to the servant, who had now approached her,

"Where is the governor?"

"At F——, ma'am."

"How far is that?"

"Eighty miles."

"And the roads?"

"They are not very good, I am sorry to say, ma'am, at this season of the year."

Eighty miles distant, and over bad roads, a two day's journey at the least! Two days to go and two to return, this would make four; and, after that, perhaps a day more to draw up a formal pardon. Five days from nine left four, and one of these would be consumed in returning to New York. There was just time to save her father. These reflections rushed through Adeline's mind, as she leaned anxiously from the coach with a white cheek, and lips half parted in terror, the servant, who politely held the carriage door open, wondering at the extraordinary agitation of a lady so fashionably attired, and evidently so thoroughly bred.

"Thank you," she said, suddenly, his demeanor re-calling her to herself. "I will drive on."

"Will you leave no message, no card?"

"None—tell the coachman to drive on."

The servant closed the door with a polite bow,

carefully turned the handle, and then retreated a step to see the carriage drive off. It seemed an age to Adeline before the coachman mounted his box, and another age before he could arrange his reins satisfactorily. Her whole soul was concentrated into one thought, to pursue the governor as rapidly as possible; on her quickness depended her father's only chance of life; and every second of delay felt like a drop of blood extracted from her heart. At last the driver cracked his whip, and the rickety hack rolled off. If the man had lingered a moment longer, Adeline would have been unable to repress a cry of anguish, to so terrible a pitch was her anxiety wound up.

She reached the hotel in a state of nervous excitement almost amounting to insanity. Jacob Strong, who met her at the door, started back at the strange glitter of her eye. She scarcely waited till she descended from the coach before she said,

"Find out the best route to F—, on which to obtain fresh horses. Get a competent driver and stout carriage, and have it here as soon as possible."

Discovering the state of affairs, by a few further words, Jacob Strong hurried away to execute the commands of his mistress, himself almost as excited as Adeline.

Half a dozen servants crowded around the new guest, whose name and person were well known at this fashionable hotel; but Adeline waved them off, and desired to be shown to her room, where she ordered a cup of tea to be brought to her immediately.

When alone in her chamber, she did not stop to bemoan the misfortune of the governor's absence; she was of too resolute and energetic a character for that; but she removed her bonnet and cloak, and bathed her face, again and again, with water almost frozen. This ablution partially refreshed her: it also calmed her excitement somewhat.

In half an hour the carriage was at the door. Adeline directed her room to be kept for her, till her return, and then hastened to enter the coach. Jacob Strong mounted the box, the reins were given to the four spirited steeds, and the equipage rattled furiously down the street.

"Who is that travelling in such state?" said an early boarder, lounging on the hotel steps, for as yet, it must be remembered, it was scarcely sunrise.

"It is the fashionable Mrs. Garden," replied the landlord. "You recollect the sensation she created at Saratoga two years ago—don't you?"

"Oh!—ay!" was the response. "What is she in such a hurry for? It looks like snow too."

"She has taken a crotchet into her head, to

get a poor devil pardoned, who is now awaiting his execution for murder, in New York: and, as the governor is at F—, she is pursuing him there."

"She won't succeed," was the reply, as the lodger coolly knocked the ashes from his cigar. "I know the case, a most wilful homicide, and Governor X—, if he does nothing else, rigidly administers the law."

"Well," said the landlord, with a sigh, for his feelings were enlisted in behalf of a good customer, "I hope it won't snow, and that Mrs. Garden will find his excellency."

The boarder glanced all around the sky, as seen between the tops of the houses, and then, turning to his host, said,

"I'll bet you a bottle of champagne, to be drunk to-day, that it snows before dinner time. Eh!"

But the landlord shook his head sadly, returning into the hotel with a heavy heart.

CHAPTER XIX.

ALL that morning, the carriage of Adeline, rolled swiftly upon its way toward F—. As a stage-route had been chosen, the generous sum she offered procured fresh horses every ten or twelve miles, and accordingly the rate at which the travellers advanced upon their journey, promised to bring them to their destination, that night, and thus gain for them a day. The roads, indeed, were broken, and a speed of but six miles could be obtained, on an average; but, even at that, F— could be reached by midnight. Toward noon, however, snow began to fall slightly, gradually increasing in violence, until, before twelve o'clock, the storm shut in the prospect on every hand, and the half icy deposit, collecting on the road, began to impede the progress of the horses.

Adeline beheld this tempest with an agony of suspense and terror indescribable. As the day wore on, the storm exhibited increasing violence. The snow was now more than a foot deep on the highway, and it was with extreme difficulty that the carriage could be dragged onward, even by the united strength of the four horses. At last, toward nightfall, the travellers reached an inn, where they had expected to procure a relay; but the landlord positively refused to allow his animals to leave the stable, nor could any exhortations move him.

"It will soon be dark," he said, "and the road will then be undistinguishable. We shall have it snowing all night. Before morning, not only will my horses be frozen to death, but you also, madam. No sum would induce me to be a party to such an act of madness as travelling in this tempest."

Anxious as Adeline was to prosecute her journey, she saw that the landlord spoke truth. Yet when she thought of the possibility of reaching F— too late, she shuddered and grew pale.

"By morning probably the storm will be over," said the innkeeper, "when we can rig you out a sleigh, madam, so that you can go on, as you seem in a hurry. But it would be wiser to lie by, for a day or two, until the roads are broken. John," and he called a hostler, who poked his head out of the stable-door, "see that these horses are rubbed down well. Will you have a fire in your room, madam?"

Thus speaking, the landlord conducted Adeline through a large, uncarpeted room, in the centre of which stood an enormous ten-plate stove, standing in a low wooden box filled with sand. Around this stove, which emitted a constant perfume of burnt tobacco, were seated half a dozen countrymen, who turned and stared at the closely veiled lady following the innkeeper. Across one corner of the apartment was one of those old-fashioned bars, forming a quadrant, built solid up to the height of a man's breast, and then finished off with wooden slats to the ceiling. Three or four tumblers of hot toddy were being compounded, as Adeline entered the room, and the smell of the Monongahela whiskey, combining with the close atmosphere of the room almost sickened her. She was glad, therefore, when having crossed the apartment, the landlord threw open a door and disclosed a sort of parlor, with a blazing fire in a Franklin stove.

The room was covered with what is called a rag-carpet, and set around with gaudily painted Windsor chairs; but still it was a Paradise compared to the apartment which she had just left. She cared little, however, for mere physical comforts, so intense was her mental anxiety. Wearily pushing her veil back from her face, as the landlord handed her a chair, she desired her room to be heated as soon as possible, and then sat down to dry her feet at the fender, for they were wet through from walking in the snow.

Directly Jacob Strong made his appearance. He had already provided for every contingency; directed what was to be cooked for supper, seen to the horses, and given orders that, if the storm abated, his mistress should be called at daylight. The evening meal was soon served, and in the little parlor. But Adeline only tasted the nicely broiled chicken, and then pushed her plate away. Notwithstanding her fatigue, her anxiety was so great that she could not eat. She drank a cup of strong coffee, however, and then, as her chamber was pronounced ready, retired.

But it was long before she could sleep. Her state of nervous agitation was increased by the strangeness of her room, its bare and uncom-

fortable aspect, and the violence of the storm outside. At times she thought the house would fall, for it rocked apparently to its very foundations. Now the wind would roar down the chimney, puffing the ashes half way across the room, for the fire itself had long since gone out; and now the hurricane could be heard shrieking across the fields, and dying out in the distance in prolonged moanings. It was long after midnight before sleep visited her, and even then she dreamed horrible visions, half through the night.

When morning came, her first thought was to pull aside the muslin curtains and look out. The storm still raged. For and near, in one continuous shower, the flakes were falling. The fences were entirely buried, except where the snow had been blown away from them, and then they rose, black and ominous, like rocks at sea, above the white landscape. A neighboring wood displayed its trees half broken down with the weight of the icy mass on its branches. The barn and stables were nearly buried, the snow having drifted against them.

Adeline clasped her hands. If not at F— before night, she knew she might be too late. Without waiting to have her fire made, she dressed herself and hurried down stairs. Jacob Strong was already in the parlor. His serious aspect confirmed her worst fears.

"Is there no possible way of getting on, to-day?" she said, anxiously.

"None, I fear. The roads are all buried, as you see, ma'am; and no team could go a mile without stalling in a drift."

"What is to be done?" cried his mistress, clasping her hands, her energy, for once, deserting her.

"I have already spoken with the landlord. He says that, as soon as the storm is over, he will send out men to break a road for you, at least as far as the next village."

"Will it clear off to-day?"

"Perhaps so—but it does not look very favorable."

Adeline sat down, almost heart-broken. Never had she experienced so utterly her own helplessness. She had been so accustomed to making everything give way to her own energy, that this fearful strait, where energy was useless, completely prostrated her. She bowed her head on her breast, feeling how powerless were human means, when heaven ordained it otherwise.

And now, for the first time, she began to fear that her father might, after all, die under the sentence of the law. Anxious as she had been hitherto, she had always secretly believed, that the innocence of her parent would yet be acknowledged: indeed nothing but this internal conviction could have sustained her during this long

suspense. As she sat there, vaguely gazing into the fire, what agonies of supplication she underwent! She prayed, in her terrible despair, that she might not be too late; that the governor would listen to her entreaty; that the respite should reach New York in time. But she did not pray that the will of heaven, whatever that might be, should prevail. She was not Christian enough yet for that! It was only the meek, uncomplaining prisoner who could breathe that divine petition.

It stormed nearly all day. The tempest slackened, indeed, toward nightfall, but too late for anything to be done. The innkeeper, however, sent out, in all directions, for persons to assist in breaking the roads, Adeline placing her purse entirely at his disposal.

"Pay any price," she said, "hire any number—it is, I tell you, a case of life and death."

The next day, somewhat before noon, the travellers were able to leave the inn. But the roads, as the landlord had foretold, were impassable, except where they had been broken for a specific purpose; and all Adeline could do was to reach a village about fifteen miles distant by nightfall. The horses were almost broken down, even at this; and the whole party were benumbed by the cold.

It was after ten o'clock, on the following night, before the travellers reached F—. The hour was so late, and Adeline was so completely fatigued, that the interview with the governor was necessarily put off till the ensuing morning.

But, in the morning, she learned, to her horror, that his excellency had set out, the day before, to return to Albany. "At this intelligence, Adeline, notwithstanding her resolution of character, was almost beside herself. But five days yet remained of her parent's life, barely time to obtain a pardon and have it despatched to New York. As she counted up the few hours left she would have gone insane, perhaps, but for the reflection that the governor might have returned to Albany on this very business. What else, indeed, could have induced him to set out on a journey with the roads in their present condition? His business, he had told his friends, was imperative!—surely this must be it!

Adeline lost no time in retracing her journey. It was about noon, on the next day, when her sleigh drove up to the governor's house, in the capital. Any other woman, or even herself under different circumstances, would have been worn out by this incessant travelling, and by her terrible anxiety; but she knew that her father's life depended on pressing forward, and she had not faltered in her duty.

But when she heard, from the servant who waited at the door, that the governor had left

Albany, the day preceding, for New York, her strength and resolution almost forsook her. To be thus forever baffled! Was there some fiend at work to circumvent her? Oh! fearful, she felt, was the punishment of her life; if this was to be it.

"Drive back to the hotel," she cried, speaking hurriedly, and hoarsely, "it is not yet too late. We will go down in the night-boat."

But a new obstacle met her when she reached the hotel, and inquired what boat left for New York that day.

"The boats have stopped, madam," said the clerk. "The last one went down last night, and it is doubtful whether that will get through. The cold has been so much greater all day, that the river is closed, for all practical purposes, and closed for the winter."

At these words exhausted nature gave way, and Adeline Leicester fell senseless on the floor. She had now been in pursuit of the governor, for an entire week, travelling, most of the time, night and day; and only the certainty of overtaking him at last had sustained her. But now, when it seemed impossible to succeed, in consequence of the river closing, hope gave way, and despair settled at her heart. It was as if a bolt of lightning had struck her.

But gradually she recovered her senses. When a full knowledge of her situation returned to her, when memory had resumed its entire sway, she rose feebly to her feet.

"I must go," she said, "where is Jacob Strong?" And she put her hand to her head, as if wandering in mind.

"I am here," he said.

"Get ready to start at once. We will go by land to New York. I *must* be there, day after to-morrow."

He stood a moment hesitatingly, and then said,

"It is impossible—you are worn out, madam—another night of travel, in this bitter weather, will kill you."

"And you will not go with me?" replied Adeline, reproachfully: then, instantly, she added, changing her tone, "but I can go alone."

She turned from him haughtily as she spoke. But he followed her, and while his lip quivered with emotion, he said humbly,

"I do not decline accompanying you. You know I *could* not. I will go."

She stopped and looked at him earnestly. "It is well," she said. "Have fresh horses around immediately." And, with a firm tread, she entered her room.

We will not follow the travellers, step by step, on their journey. The roads were almost impassable, and the wayfarers made comparatively little progress; indeed, but for the energy of

Adeline they would have had to abandon the attempt. The mail itself, in that terrible week, failed. More than once the horses gave out, but the ready purse of Adeline Leicester speedily procured others; and thus, though day and night, the travellers pushed forward, only stopping occasionally to eat necessary food, or stimulate almost exhausted nature by a cup of coffee.

The morning of the day fixed for the execution, found the wayfarers still many miles from New York. The suspense of Adeline Leicester was now wound up to a pitch almost of insanity. In a few hours, unless the governor had interposed, her father would be led out to die—he, an innocent man, whose very grey hairs should have awakened pity! That the executive clemency had been extended in his behalf she could scarcely dare to hope. Even if she reached the city before the terrible tragedy was over, she would be too late to interpose in his behalf; for it would require some time to find the governor, and before that could be done, the fatal hour would be past. Agitated by such thoughts she leaned forward, just after daybreak, and roused her faithful attendant, who, overcome by fatigue, had fallen into an uneasy slumber. As for her, she had not slept all night.

"How far is it yet?" she said.

Jacob Strong roused himself, looked around, and finally had to have resource to the driver; for the landscape was an undistinguishable waste of snow.

"Thirty miles, ma'am," said the driver.

"Will it take us long?"

"About four, or five hours, ma'am; for you see the drifts are almost impassable in places; and six miles an hour is as much as we can do under such circumstances."

Four or five hours! That would make it nearly twelve o'clock before they could reach the city; and, at high noon, the awful drama would be over. The agonized daughter fell back in her seat, muffling her face in her furs.

"Too late—too late," she groaned. "God have mercy! Oh! for three hours of time."

The tears sprang to the eyes of her faithful servant, and taking his own purse from his pocket, he placed it in the hands of the driver.

"Push forward, even if you kill your horses," he said, "no matter what it costs—you *must* reach New York in season."

"I will do my best, sir," said the man, taking the purse with his buckskin mitten, and sliding the valuable prize into the capacious pocket of his overcoat. "We can get fresh horses at the village ahead; and while they are being put to, we will have some coffee. Ho there, let out, my beauties." And, as he spoke, he gave his long whip a dexterous whirl, bringing it down, in a

figure eight, on the whole four horses, who immediately started forward at a rattling pace, though they had been going before as fast as appeared possible considering the heavy condition of the road.

But, notwithstanding every effort, the hour of eleven was striking, as the sleigh, with its four horses dashed down Broadway. Erect in the back seat, but rigid as stone sat the miserable Adeline Leicester. Despair and suspense were alternating in her heart: we say suspense for she could not be said, any longer, to hope: she only felt that there was a possibility that her father had been reprieved: but against this rose the fear, ten times more powerful, that he had been sacrificed already. The terrible storm of emotion raging in her bosom made her, as she sat there motionless, with eyes fixed in the distance, a sight to appal a spectator. Those who, passing on the side-walk caught a sight of her countenance, shuddered and looked back, wondering what awful mission that rigid woman, dressed in black, was bent upon, that her face wore such an unearthly look. Had a mummy, with its yellow countenance, and fixed stare, galloped thus through the crowded avenue, a feeling of greater awe could not have been experienced on the part of strangers.

To Adeline Leicester the crowd was an object of equal horror. It would be impossible to find language adequately to describe her agonizing emotions. Those only who have suffered greatly, can form any idea of her feelings; and even such can only approximate to them. The whole heavens looked black, as if a pall had been drawn over them. The house-tops, though really white with snow, appeared covered with a ghastly gloom. The faces of the spectators, who passed and re-passed, wore a sepulchral aspect that made the blood run cold within her. And, to add to the climax of her horror, wherever she looked, a hideous scaffold appeared projected on the background of human beings, or houses, or sky, as a ball of fire before the closed retina when the eye has been strained with looking at the sun. Her very hearing also was a prey to a similar horrible hallucination. Over the murmur of the great town, over the jingling of passing sleighs, over the crack of the driver's whip as he urged his faltering horses forward, there rose unceasingly the echo of hammers at work, nailing close at her ear. Sometimes, so overpowering became her agony, under these mental tortures, that she could with difficulty prevent herself shrieking aloud.

At last, after what appeared ages of suspense, the sleigh whirling around a corner, left the crowded avenue of Broadway behind. Before it was a gentle descent, down a somewhat narrow

street, and, in the distance, the gloomy superstructure, which we have once before described, rose frowning and ominous to the sky. But, on this day, that massive Egyptian pile looked more fearful than ever. In front of it, filling the narrow street, was a vast multitude, heaving and rolling to and fro, like black surges beating against the solid edifice, and then recoiling. Occasionally a savage roar, like that of an infuriated wild beast, but a thousand times more appalling, rose from that angry crowd. The whole scene—the street, the prison, and the howling mob, looked, to Adeline Leicester, of a half sable hue, as if overhung by a gigantic thunder-cloud: and yet the sky overhead was that of a cloudless winter's day!

Suddenly there was a cry of fire, the mass swayed wilder than ever, and instantaneously a dense smoke, followed by a tongue of flame, issued from the roof of the prison. At this sight a roar, that seemed to shake the very city, went up from the excited multitude; and immediately, as when a gigantic roller gathers itself for a plunge, the crowd heaved for a moment, and then precipitated itself against the prison. Shrieks now rose from the outskirts of the mob, and females were seen running away from the scene of tumult. Adeline could endure the suspense no longer. She rose to her feet, insane with doubt and horror, staggered forward in the sleigh, and would have fallen, but that Jacob Strong, who, though himself in a state of mind almost indescribable, had yet watched his mistress, caught her in his arms and prevented her being precipitated into the street. At the same moment the sleigh, reaching the outskirts of the crowd, was compelled to stop, the horses, frightened by the uproar, plunging fearfully.

CHAPTER XX.

It was many days after the events narrated in the last chapter, when Adeline Leicester, for the first time since she fell senseless in the sleigh, woke to recollection. She looked, at first, vaguely around, but gradually recognized her own bed-chamber. Soon the terrible train of events we have been narrating came up to her memory, and her eye gleamed once more with almost insanity.

At this instant a portly woman, with a face inexpressibly good-natured, though now clouded a little by sorrow, stepped forward, and soothingly laid her hand on the invalid's brow. The sufferer looked up at the nurse with a blank stare, that gradually, however, changed to one of recognition, as that countenance smiled down cheerfully upon her.

"Mrs. Gray—I believe," she said.

"It is me, ma'am," said our old friend, "and

glad I am to see you so well. You are getting round nicely. We all thought, at one time, that you would never speak to any of us again." And, as she uttered these words, the tears came into her eyes.

The patient gazed at her vaguely again, as if scarcely comprehending what was said; then her brows contracted as if a sudden blow had struck her heart; and she made an effort to rise. It was ineffectual, however, and she sank back helpless. She groaned and said,

"I remember it all—tell me, did he die?" And her eyes faintly wandered around the room.

Mrs. Gray had made up her mind, long since, what to say: indeed she had been watching, for three whole days, that no one else should tell the melancholy story. So she answered,

"Not on the scaffold, ma'am——"

She would have proceeded, but Adeline interrupted her by a cry so glad, so exulting that she stopped.

"Thank God for that! Thank God!" was the ejaculation of the sufferer: and she continued to repeat it, as if to herself. At last she turned to Mrs. Gray, and said,

"But he is dead—I know it by your looks—by your telling me he did not die on the scaffold. How was it? See—I am composed. I will listen without interrupting you."

Her entire nature appeared changed. She spoke as humbly and pleadingly as a child, and her eyes were eloquent with grateful emotion.

"Well—I will tell ~~you~~ you, ma'am," said Mrs. Gray, wiping a tear from her eye with one corner of her apron. "God, you see, couldn't let the innocent suffer, and so he took the good old man," and here her voice shook with a sob, "to himself. It was the morning of the very day—but you know all about that—and he had slept, all night, as a baby does in its mother's arms—not a ruffle on his face, ma'am, nor a stir in his slumbers. He had left his Bible open when he went to bed, and he turned to it the first thing when he woke. It remained undisturbed, with his spectacles marking where he left off, and, as soon as he was dressed, and had prayed awhile, he began reading again. The place, ma'am, was in Corinthians—the thirteenth chapter, you know, ma'am—where it speaks of the resurrection, and how we shall all, if we die righteous, meet in heaven, not as strangers, but in our own flesh and blood——"

Here the good woman, affected beyond control at the picture she had conjured up, broke into loud weeping. Adeline, lying with half-averted face, had been silently shedding tears from the first.

"The jailors," at last resumed Mrs. Gray, brokenly, "couldn't look at him without crying,

to two had been with him all night—they say lest he should try to escape, a thing he never thought of, I'll undertake. Directly they brought in his breakfast, of which he ate heartily. By-and-bye Julia and I came to bid him good-bye. Poor Mrs. Warren—that was"—at this Adeline started as if a ball had entered her side, "she was weeping and hanging around him, and all he could do, for awhile, she couldn't be comforted. But, at last, he bade us listen while he read, and at this she grew quiet. My heart was choking me, but I kept it down, and stood, holding Julia's hand and pressing it. He turned to that chapter in Revelations where it tells of the saints, washed in the blood of the lamb, with white robes and harps of gold, who shout hosanna around the throne: and oh! if you could have seen his face then—it seemed to shed around it a glory like I've seen sometimes in pictures. He read on till he came to the end of the next chapter, where it says that the redeemed shall be led along green pastures and by living fountains, and that God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Mrs. Gray was weeping, and yet not wildly. She continued, rising to eloquence almost, "he stopped here, and turning to us smiled—oh! could you have seen that smile—it was so sweet, and forgiving, and full of rapture—and then, while still his face was all in a glow with heavenly joy, there was a twitch passed over it, he started forward and caught at the table as if falling, and, before we could reach him, his head stooped on his breast, and he slid downward from his seat." All this was said brokenly. "We caught him before he reached the floor," she continued, "but he was stone dead. And indeed, to tell the truth," and again she broke into sobs, "I never heard anything that made me more glad."

After awhile she resumed more collectedly, "The mob outside wouldn't believe it, ma'am, and kept shouting to bring him out, as the law directed; and, at last, some of them set fire to the roof. I've heard it was just then you came up."

There was a pause for several minutes. At last the invalid said faintly,

"And my mother?"

"She died that night. We buried them, side by side, in the church-yard near my farm."

"God's will be done," murmured the sufferer, after a pause, "he has shown mercy even in his anger. But Julia—my daughter—"

She could proceed no further, but broke off in emotion. Mrs. Gray turned and left the room, but, in a moment, came back again. She was not alone, however. A fair young girl, dressed in deep mourning, followed her, until both reached the bed-side. The invalid had heard the re-opening of the door, and her eyes had kindled as

she saw who accompanied Mrs. Gray; she made another effort to rise, but before she could again be reminded of her weakness, Julia had sprung forward, and thrown her arms over the invalid, sobbing and crying,

"Mother—dear mother!"

"My child—my child," said Adeline Leicester, feebly embracing her, "there is yet something for which to live."

Years after, in one of the richest and most picturesque portions of Michigan, there stood a low, but commodious farm-house, with a green lawn in front sloping to the still waters. The whole place was so quiet, that to one residing there, the turmoil and woe of the great world seemed separated by illimitable oceans, by a gulf of centuries.

The occupants of that humble, but comfortable dwelling were Robert Leicester, now a man of twenty-five, and his beautiful wife, whom we once knew as Julia Warren. With them lived two other personages of our story, Adeline Leicester, and her faithful follower and friend, Jacob Strong.

Adeline, when she recovered, had sold out her splendid establishment, and divided the proceeds, with the rest of her vast fortune, among the charitable institutions of our eastern cities. She had reserved for herself only a comparatively small pittance, in amount equal to her salary during the few years she acted as governess. The entire remainder of her estate, all in fact that had been left to her by will, she bestowed in charity. With this slender provision she announced her intention of removing to the far West, where, in quiet and seclusion, she might educate Julia, and finish her own pilgrimage.

But Jacob Strong would not suffer her to go alone. He had accumulated some property, which he declared it had long been his intention to invest in a large farm, somewhere in the west, in order to bestow it on his nephew when the latter came of age. He now proposed that his mistress, with Julia, Robert and himself should make one family, and settle at once in the West.

Thither accordingly they went, and, in due time, Robert Leicester and Julia were married. Jacob Strong still waits upon his old mistress as devotedly, as unselfishly as ever. She herself rarely smiles, except at the prattle of her grandchildren, but always wears the same calm and passionless, yet kind expression of countenance. Her days are spent in visiting the suffering, and relieving the poor: she is, indeed, a Sister of Mercy in all except the dress. Many a family has learned to bless her name. Sometimes her children remonstrate with her, when she exposes herself too much, as they think; but she shakes her head, and answers, "the night cometh in which no man shall work."

MR. ELMLY'S PEARL.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening, a cold, winter evening, and a handsome house in the upper part of the city was a perfect blaze of light. It basked amid the folds of the heavy curtains, and then, as the rays were caught by the drops of the chandeliers, it glowed and sparkled in a thousand different hues. Even the weary beggar paused to fold her rags more closely about her, as she gazed with wondering admiration; and words wrung from a hopeless heart trembled on her pale lips.

"Oh! blessed are the rich! for theirs is the good of the earth. They go to their splendid homes and rest sweetly on couches of down; no famishing children crying for bread which is not theirs to give—no sick and loved ones fading before their eyes, with the cold floor for their drying bed—no bitter words and shameful acts to drive them on to deeds from which they would recoil—nought but light, and love, and plenty. God help the poor!"

She passed on from the abode of wealth, and bitter thoughts were in her heart, but none knew it, and none cared—none, at least, of those who that night thronged the splendid mansion, and glided languidly to the sound of music.

There were only three persons in those lofty rooms then; a gentleman and two ladies, evidently waiting the arrival of expected visitors. The elder lady was attired in a black velvet dress, and point lace cap; but to judge from her frequent smoothing of the folds in the skirt, and re-arrangement of the lace lappets, she was evidently ill at ease. Her face had no kind of a look, that is, nothing by which one could determine upon her position—for stylish people often look quite as common, and common people quite as stylish. Just now it wore an expression of anxiety, and there was something of a frown upon her brow.

"How very foolish it was of you, Gilbert," she exclaimed, "to insist upon dressing up an old woman like me in this ridiculous manner! I feel ten times better in my old sage-colored silk than I ever shall in this heavy stuff—four dollars a yard, too! how preposterous for a dress! I declare, I can hardly believe that you are Gilbert Elmy, and I your sister Sarah—it seems like a dream! What business have *we* here, among these pictures, and curtains, and gim-cracks? The old room in Cherry street, with its checked baize, and

black hair-cloth chairs, looked a thousand times more natural!"

How much longer she might have gone on it is impossible to say, for she had touched upon a favorite topic; but the mild-looking gentleman in a blue coat, who had been complacently perambulating up and down, stopped before her, as he replied laughingly,

"Yes, yes, Sarah; it is all very hard to believe, I know, and sometimes I find myself wondering too; but still it is all honestly mine—that you may rest assured of—and I have formally installed you as mistress of the establishment. Everything changes, of course—it is the way of the world; and this I consider a change very much for the better—don't you, Ada?"

This was addressed to a pale, fair-looking girl who stood bending over a music-book; and as she raised her head at the question, her face became suffused with a deep blush. She, foolish girl! was thinking of a plainly-furnished room in an unfashionable part of the city; and there rose up before her a vision of pleasant faces, as with the shaded light placed on the little round table, a gentleman, who bore a marvelous resemblance to the one before her, sat resting, with slipped feet, in a large arm-chair after the fatigues of the day—while she read to him from the newspaper, in a seat which he had placed as close to his own as possible—and Miss Sarah Elmy, in her favorite sage-colored silk, occupied herself most industriously with some interminable piece of sewing. A very, very short time since the circle was just as she loved to fancy it—and now there they were in a gorgeous palace with everything around them but happiness. Surely they should have been contented!

Ada Willbank was a sort of ward of Mr. Elmy's; that is, she had been left to his guardianship by a dissipated father, whose property was found, at his death, to have dwindled away to a very small amount. But Mr. Elmy never told Ada how very small this was; she knew that it could not be a very great sum, but little did she know that she was indebted to her guardian for almost every dollar she spent. Her face was not exactly pretty, and when she stood bending over a book as now, she was only a pale, quiet-looking girl, with a look somewhat of suffering upon her face; for Ada was lame—and to such a pensive, wistful

expression seems ever to belong. But when she raised those beautiful eyes of the deepest blue, with long, dark lashes, there was at once a world of character in the quiet face. They spoke of mind and intellect that seemed almost too much for that slight frame—of goodness, and truth, and purity—and feelings in which no thought of guile had ever mingled. She generally sought some retired corner, more than ever since their change to this splendid, butterfly state of existence; for although she walked with very little difficulty, she shrank painfully from attracting any stranger's eye. The world to her contained only those two—all the rest was a blank. She always addressed the sister as "Aunt Sarah," she had been taught to call her so; but somehow she could not call her guardian "uncle"—he was always "Mr. Elmly."

Ada was very small and delicate in appearance, and although she was now eighteen, her slight figure, and the extreme simplicity of her white muslin dress, made her look much younger. She had decidedly refused to wear any dress less unpretending, but Mr. Elmly took care that it should be as elegant as possible of the kind; and when she entered the room that evening he clasped a chain about her neck, to which was attached a heart of turquoise and diamonds—breaking forth at the same time into an extravagant eulogy on her appearance. A bright color rose in Ada's cheeks, but whether called up by the heart or the words it is difficult to determine.

But she has been a long while answering his question; and, indeed, she was almost as long in reality, for she didn't know what to say. At length she murmured,

"It is very handsome."

"*Very handsome!*" repeated Mr. Elmly, emphatically, "it ought to be 'very handsome.' But that, Miss Ada, is not an answer, it is an equivocation—I hate equivocations."

Ada bent again over her book; but Miss Elmly saved her the trouble of making any rejoinder, for, giving the velvet skirt a series of twitches, she broke forth with,

"I have a great mind to shut myself up in my own room for the rest of the evening! What am I to do with all the strange people who are coming, I should like to know! I have never seen half of them! 'Entertain' them, indeed!—when I can scarcely make out what they say, between their French words and new-fangled expressions. And then too, they are always asking me about things I never even heard of. I wonder at you, Gilbert, for thrusting yourself and all of us into such a scrape! You needn't laugh—they will be laughing at you before long."

"I am not in the least afraid," he replied, "for the world is a great coward, and, like some

school-boys I have seen, only bullies where it can do so with impunity. It would be *afraid* to laugh at me, Gilbert Elmly, just retired on five hundred thousand dollars. I may be as ill-tempered, awkward, and ignorant as I choose, and they will court and flatter me. And you, my dear sister, need not trouble yourself in the least; if you are rather taciturn, and ill-at-ease, it will be attributed to hauteur consequent upon being sister to a man like me—if you talk much, and use expressions a little different from theirs, you will be affable and eccentric. As to Ada, she need do nothing but look as pretty as she does now, to come in for more than her share of admiration. You look surprised, Ada, to find me so well acquainted with the ways of the world. No matter how I obtained my knowledge—sufficient that I have it."

But I have not yet told you how old Mr. Elmly was; do not start, he was forty-five—and Miss Elmly was five years older.

"But I cannot see yet why you have done this," resumed his sister, "I know that we can *never* be happy here—we are not fitted for it; and why don't you live now as you have always been in the habit of living?"

Mr. Elmly smiled at her vehemence, and glancing at his watch, observed, "half-past eight; the notes, I believe, specified nine, so that we have still half an hour, in which I will endeavor to give some explanation of my proceedings."

He seated himself between the two as he continued, "when we were children, Sarah, you know that we lived in the country; and the happy period of my childhood is still as fresh in my mind as the events of yesterday. How we raced and tumbled about in all the wild joy of freedom and health! now swinging in the tree-tops, and then paddling in the brook, or scrambling among thorns and briars in those old woods, after violets, and strawberries, and nuts—knowing no restraint, or recognizing none save a mother's love. Oh, those were happy times! and I had a pearl in those days, which never left me unless some forward act had brought a tear to the gentle eyes which ever watched me with looks of love, and then it turned dark and colorless. I am not going to be sentimental, Ada—a man of my age is too old for that; I will only tell you how I lost my pearl. The first time that I was conscious of my loss, was a dreary, never-to-be-forgotten day, that always looks grey and misty when viewed from memory's store-house. It was May, and the birds sang, and the sun shone; but it was a cloudy day, for I left my pleasant home, and came to the dark, cheerless, discouraging-looking city—a stranger in a strange place, with no familiar voice to whisper my name, or bid me welcome. The store to which I was destined

was situated in a street more gloomy, if possible, than any I had passed through; and with a trembling hand, and confused head, I proceeded with my task. At night, upon my bed in the deserted store, I looked for my pearl, but it was gone.

"I toiled thus for years; I became independent—wealthy—but my pearl never returned. I fancied myself happy during our quiet life in Cherry street, but there was still an unsatisfied longing—a yearning for something more—something different—that has never been satisfied. At length something whispered to me that it was very foolish to search for pearls among dust and rubbish—in other words, to expect happiness from such a hum-drum existence; so I determined to come out into the light, and look for my pearl. I am going to begin the search this very night."

Ada had suddenly drawn away the hand which he took, and sat with her face averted, curling the leaves of a book. Miss Elmly listened patiently to the end; in the meantime making certain reflections of her own as to her brother's sanity, with all this nonsense about pearls.

"Gilbert," said she, suddenly, "I can tell you what will be the end of this: some designing girl, with more art than wealth, will lead you to make a fool of yourself before long."

"If you mean by that, Sarah, that I shall one of these days get married," replied her brother, laughing, "I have entertained the very same thoughts myself."

Ada's head drooped still more.

"Of course," he continued, merrily, "the mistress of such an establishment should be young, and beautiful, and proud—with that kind of manner that puts down nobodies, and takes up somebodies. She should be accomplished, too—and sing and play like an angel, at the very least—there is a marvelous magic in a sweet voice."

Poor Ada! her pillow that night was wet with tears. She had so envied the gift of song—so hung upon the tones that issued from the lips of those famed ones! for although her voice, in speaking, was sweet and gentle, she could not raise a note. What would she have given to be able to warble even "Auld Robin Gray!"

"There!" exclaimed Miss Elmly, as her fan suddenly snapped in two from awkward usage, "there go ten dollars to begin with! And they don't give half the air of the old palm-leaf one I always carried to church. There goes the bell, too! Do tell me, Gilbert! what must I do? What must I say?"

The prudent spinster exhibited such unwonted emotion, that Mr. Elmly could scarcely command his countenance—but it became necessary to do so, for some one was coming in; and whispering a few directions to his sister, he advanced to meet them.

The room filled rapidly; and the world of fashion determined that night to admit within its precincts the wealthy bachelor, Gilbert Elmly. His sister passed very well—the black velvet dress, and point lace cap materially assisting so desirable an end; and Ada was left undisturbed in her corner, to admire the brilliant crowd, and wonder which face would be likely to attract *his* fancy—until, a report being spread that she was the niece and heiress of the Elmlys, she was soon drawn forth from her obscurity. How she longed to get away from the brilliant lights, and gorgeous crowd, and weep unrestrainedly in her own apartment!

Gilbert Elmly, believing himself invincible from his knowledge of the world, and his contempt for mere outside show, mingled unreservedly with the trifles about him, at first laughing within himself at their emptiness and vanity; but suddenly something glowed and sparkled, and he, poor, deluded man! began to think that he had found his pearl.

White robes flitted gracefully past him to the harp at the further end of the room—snowy fingers were busy with the chords—and a strain of delicious melody gushed forth upon the air. Now low, tremulous, and sweet—anon breaking forth into louder strains, but still strains of surpassing sweetness; scarcely a sound was heard among the listeners—every other voice was hushed in rapt attention. A pair of deep blue orbs were fixed upon the singer with a wistful, almost imploring expression; and the slight figure of the lame girl was bent forward as though to catch every tone.

Gilbert Elmly had placed himself in a position that commanded a full view of the musician's face; and a sudden glance from those dark, fathomless eyes thrilled through his very heart. They were as suddenly withdrawn; and a deep blush tinged the marble cheek, while the long lashes drooped like a shadow over it.

She rose from the instrument, and others took her place, but that melting strain still vibrated through his heart. The gaze of those large, dark eyes haunted him as with a spell, and he glanced at the pearls on her bosom and thought of *his* pearl—his last, unrecovered jewel. Turn back, Gilbert Elmly—the pearl sits paling in the darkness, for the light of love is withdrawn, and a false glitter is leading thee on further and further from it.

"How well you played to-night, Florence," was the mother's remark, as the two drove rapidly home.

Florence Hamilton was buried in a train of pleasant thoughts that came dancing through her brain; but she answered quickly, "I am quite aware of that, mamma; and if I mistake not, that

gong is worth to me at least five hundred thousand dollars."

"You mean the bachelor?" was the rejoinder, "yes, he is evidently smitten, and a very fine man too, my dear."

"I do not know what you mean by 'a fine man,'" replied the daughter, pettishly, "if it implies one very rich and rather weak, that he certainly is; but as to appearance, he might almost pass for my grandfather—there is besides a total absence of any style about him whatever."

"And yet, my dear, you would be willing to become *Mrs. Gilbert Elmly*?"

"Certainly I should; I do not see what that has to do with it."

"Of course not," replied the mother; and the two relapsed into silence.

That night Gilbert Elmly, for the first time, gloried in his wealth; the beautiful face of Florence Hamilton came mingling with his dreams, and then a low sound of music strains rose upon his ear.

Days passed, and the fascination continued; the world to him contained but Florence—he forgot all beside, and spent hour after hour listening to those thrilling tones, wrapt in a state of ecstasy. Her harp was every day wreathed with fresh flowers; flowers breathed out their fragrance within the walls of her boudoir—flowers bloomed in her hair—he seemed resolved to bury her in a wilderness of sweets. Day after day the two went forth together—the sober, middle-aged man, and the beautiful, blooming girl; and people talked and wondered, while the two still kept their own counsel.

But one morning Florence Hamilton sat alone beside her harp, but the beautiful hand no longer swept the strings; a smile was on the full, red lips, as she turned a ring on her finger in different directions that the light might fall more vividly upon it.

"I always had a passion for diamonds," she murmured to herself, "and after all, he does very well."

And what has become of Ada? The poor, unloved, neglected one? She had spoken very little since the night of the party, and went about with a face even more quiet and pale than usual. She seemed almost to have turned into marble—so very rigid was the expression of her features; and her eyes were now always veiled by the long lashes.

"How very pale you look, Ada," observed Mr. Elmly, kindly, "I am afraid the new house does not agree with you."

He was right—it did not; but Ada merely smiled sadly as she sipped her coffee.

"It would be very strange if it did agree with

her," said Miss Elmly, sharply, "the more I see of it, the more I am disposed to find fault with it. A parlor and dining-room on one floor are quite enough for any reasonable people; but here you must have two parlors, a library, a dining-room, and butler's pantry, with doors that slide into all sorts of queer places, instead of opening as they should do. I am always thinking of the rooms in Cherry street, and keep pushing at the doors to make them open, until that good-for-nothing mulatto fellow comes along with a smile on his face, and has the impudence to say, 'allow me, ma'am.' What business has he to be polite, and say, 'allow me, ma'am,' just as if he thought himself a gentleman? Of course he will be allowed to do what he is paid for doing, but I hate these new servants. And do, for pity's sake, Gilbert, either keep that *Mrs. Marlington* away from me, or else make me a small dictionary of their queer words to carry in my pocket. She is always asking me some ridiculous question about the house, and says that when *they* build they intend to have a port-go-chair—now what in the world is that?"

"*Porte-cochere*, Sarah," said her brother, laughing; and on receiving the desired explanation, Miss Elmly looked almost as wise as she had done before.

But Mr. Elmly was now often away from home; and Ada saw much less of him than formerly. She would quietly take her book to some retired apartment, or else spend her time in the library, still bending, pale and exhausted, over heavy volumes, the contents of which often swam before her eyes as the tears came welling forth. That beautiful, dark-eyed girl seemed ever before her; she had caught his glance, as it was bent that night on the downcast face, and she knew not why, but her heart grew cold within her. She had noticed too, the look, half of scorn, half of pity, with which Miss Hamilton had surveyed her when they were presented to each other; and she trembled to think of the life that would be hers when a new mistress came into the house of Gilbert Elmly. Her resolution was taken, however—she determined to qualify herself for a teacher; and steadily pursuing her daily, and often midnight task, she endeavored to forget the past.

Sometimes she would glide stealthily into the drawing-room, when she knew that he was out, often at the twilight hour—and selecting from the music-book some simple air, endeavor to bring forth the notes correctly; she so wanted to play at least "*Auld Robin Gray*" for him before she went!

She was surprised there, one evening, by the entrance of Mr. Elmly.

"Why, Ada!" he exclaimed, "you look almost

like a ghost you are so pale, and how you tremble! Sit down, I wish to speak to you."

Cheek and lips had become perfectly colorless; and Mr. Elmly, after gazing upon her in surprise for a moment, continued, "you have been moping too much by yourself, Ada; but you will soon have a companion, for the beautiful Florence Hamilton has consented to become my wife."

"May you be happy!" quivered on her pale lips; but the words were scarcely audible, and the next moment Ada lay senseless at his feet.

Very much bewildered, Gilbert Elmly raised her gently from the floor, and now, for the first time, an idea which he never could have imagined flashed through his mind; and with a heavy sigh he bore his insensible burden to a sofa, and then called his sister.

Ada awoke but too soon to consciousness; but the pale lips uttered not a word, and they did not seek to rouse her from her stupor.

It was some days after the scene in the drawing-room, and Mr. Elmly stood buttoning his overcoat at the dining-room window, wearing very much the expression of a man who was undergoing a scolding. Miss Elmly sat balancing her tea-spoon on her cup, and looking as though she had just heard something which she had always predicted would happen; and hesitating between her satisfaction on finding herself in the right, and her natural dislike to bad news.

"Well," said she, after a pause, "I really don't know but I am rather glad of it, upon the whole; because I always told you so, and you wouldn't listen to my advice. No fortune could support this extravagant style of living; but it is a great deal easier, I can tell you, to go up in the world than to come down. I have become accustomed now to velvet dresses and real lace, and do not at all fancy the idea of going back to dyed silks and hobbinet. Neither does Cherry street look as inviting to me as it did; and I do not feel at all ready to have the silver put up for sale."

"We are not going back to Cherry street," replied her brother, "nor did I say positively that we must make any change at all—I merely hinted at the possibility of such a thing. I must consult a friend first, and see how my affairs stand."

Surely Florence Hamilton had not turned into a man of business; for to the well-known house did Mr. Elmly direct his steps, and soon found himself seated beside her. He staid there sometime, telling her a long story, which appeared both to surprise and annoy her. Her color changed rapidly during the relation; and at its conclusion Mr. Elmly stood proudly before her, and said,

"Now, Florence Hamilton, I have told you all—follow the dictates of your own heart, and let your decision be the truth at least."

There was a long pause, during which Florence sat with averted face.

"Have you decided?" asked Mr. Elmly, at length.

"I have," she replied, quietly, "I feel that I never could love any *poor* man well enough to marry him."

So saying, she calmly drew off a glittering ring, and placing it in his hand, glided from the room.

Gilbert Elmly stood for a moment where she had left him; and a smile curled his lip as he thought of his boasted experience in the ways of the world. He had considered himself qualified to warn others, but had fallen into the snare himself. Experience is, after all, the best teacher; and with a thoughtful step he passed from the house.

He sat alone in his library that evening, when the door opened softly, and Ada entered the room. Her face bore the traces of recent tears; and Mr. Elmly could see that she was very much agitated.

"Excuse me for coming in thus, when you probably wish to be alone," said she, in a gentle voice, "but Aunt Sarah has told me of your misfortunes, and I wish to express some small sense of my gratitude for all your kindness, and a hope that you will now let me make some return. You will let me help you, will you not? You do not know how much I can do."

"Bless you, Ada, for this!" replied Mr. Elmly, as he gazed fondly on the pure young face upturned to his, "so *you* do not desert me, then, the moment fortune takes his flight. But I do not need your assistance, sweet one; we are not steeped in poverty as you seem to suppose—we must only move from here. It was foolish though of me, wasn't it, Ada, to seek for my pearl where all is so false and glittering? I might have known that it was only to be found amid the good and true."

I am sorry to say that Ada was by no means as grieved as she ought to have been at Mr. Elmly's misfortunes—his loss of both fortune and lady-love; nay, before she went to sleep that night she even smiled a little, and wondered if they could not be happy again.

Mr. Elmly's aristocratic neighbors were both surprised and shocked at the sale of his house and furniture; but as his apartments were known to contain a great many beautiful things, they all flocked to the auction, and entertained each other with comments on the extravagance and ill-judged proceedings of people who suddenly rise from nobodies, and fall back again quite as suddenly.

The sale was concluded—the house locked up by its new owner—and the Elmlys had gone no one knew where, and no one cared.

It was summer; and the air was laden with the breath of roses, while the half twilight of a

lovely June evening shrouded the scene in a pleasant gloom. A beautiful country-seat on the banks of the Hudson had remained untenanted for some time. The flowers and shrubbery had been suffered to sweep over the garden walks, the borders were untrimmed, and the place neglected; but new occupants had now taken possession, and the hand of improvement was every where visible.

At one of the French corridors, opening on the lawn, stood Gilbert Elmly and Ada; while Miss Elmly was seated on a sofa, apparently engaged in solving some weighty problem.

At length she exclaimed, "I cannot understand you at all, Gilbert, lately—you talk of poverty, and break up in the city to keep almost as expensive an establishment here; for I count up every item of expenditure, and it amounts to a sum that would not answer for a poor person."

Her brother smiled; and then, with some embarrassment, he replied, "but I am not poor."

Both Ada and Miss Elmly started in surprise, and looked as though they half suspected him to be joking; but being assured on that point, his sister exclaimed, "well, I declare! I really am——"

"What?" inquired her brother.

"Very glad indeed," she continued, "for the truth is, it is much pleasanter to be rich than poor; and after you get accustomed to style, and all that sort of thing, one doesn't mind it so much. I really felt quite bad at the idea of going back again to our old quarters; but certainly, brother, your conduct has been almost incomprehensible—are we to stay here now in peace and quietness, or make another move as soon as it suits your fancy?"

"Not at all," replied Mr. Elmly, "this is a

lovely place, and we are all to remain here and become attached to it. Perhaps it was not quite right of me—indeed I acknowledge that it was not—but I could not bear the idea of being deceived, and seeing my glittering castles one by one fall headlong to the ground; so I invented the fable of having lost my fortune, and found that, when stripped of my borrowed plumes, I was but a jackdaw indeed. And not only a jackdaw, but I began to think myself something of an old fool besides, and determined that the country would be the best place for me. So here I am, and here I am resolved to stay."

He looked toward Ada, but she was gazing resolutely out upon the lawn.

"But, Sarah," he continued, in a slightly embarrassed tone, "I have succeeded in my search—I have found my pearl."

Miss Elmly was quite unable to comprehend his meaning; but when, with gentle force, he led Ada forward, a slight perception of the truth began to dawn upon her. The idea was not altogether pleasant at first—she did not feel willing to resign her station as mistress of the establishment; but as she glanced at the half shrinking figure, and sweet, blushing face of Ada better thoughts came over her; and following a good impulse, she stooped and kissed the fair, young brow.

Tears sprang to the eyes of Ada at this act of tenderness, and even his sister's face showed signs of emotion; but Gilbert Elmly was prejudiced against crying, and in a merry tone he exclaimed,

"This wise search of mine was very much like that of the old lady, who, after spending a whole day hunting for her spectacles, found them comfortably perched upon her own nose!"

THE FOREST QUEEN.

BY AMANDA B. HARRIS.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 192.

SILENTLY, and without being discovered, they retraced their steps to the mansion of Colonel Reed.

"You will not go without taking leave of my cousin," said Harry, as he saw Warren preparing to depart.

"I saw her a moment before we left."

"True, but you are aware that your life is to be placed in the greatest peril to-night; for myself I intend to be prepared for the worst. I am sure you cannot think of leaving her with that formal parting."

"Why not, Hammond!" asked his companion, in a voice by no means firm, "I am not aware that my life is of any consequence to her."

"You wrong her very much, Warren."

The subject was dropped there, and the young men followed Wayne into the house; Talula having disappeared during their conversation. They found the party still in the library, and Wayne at once communicated the information he had gained. After arrangements had been made for the attack, Washington prepared to return to head-quarters, and Wayne and Fleury rode off to join their soldiers at Sandy Beach, about fourteen miles distant.

While Warren was standing at the door conversing with Washington, Harry stepped out, and going to the parlor found Virginia anxiously awaiting him. Minutely he detailed to her the adventure, the plans for the attack, and then, with hesitation, observed, "would you like a walk in the portico? I have something of importance to say to you."

She placed her arm within his, and they walked a few times the length of the portico without a word being said by either. At length Harry, a little embarrassed, remarked, "you will recollect, Virginia, that in my letters to you from England I used to write about Amy Westbrook, my Amy."

"Certainly, Harry, and really expected from the enthusiasm of your letters that I might meet a new cousin ere this."

"And you recollect too—that is—you know that our enterprise of to-night is a dangerous one."

"Yes, but do not see the connection between those two facts."

"Virginia, I have serious things to say," said Harry, gravely.

"You are right, forgive me, and say what you wish."

"You do not know," continued Harry, "how dear Amy is to me, we were betrothed——"

"You, Harry, betrothed! Why was this concealed from me, when I spoke to you of her months ago?"

"You might have guessed a part of it, and since my return I have found you so opposed to everything English, that I have long hesitated about naming it to you."

"Who is she, Harry? Is she suited to you?"

"She is unlike me, Virginia, but possesses just the qualities which I should love in a wife. I have wished much recently that you might know Amy. You should have seen her ere this."

"How, she is not in America," said Virginia, doubtfully.

"Yes, at New York, I see I must tell it all to you. She is, as you know, the orphan niece and ward of Sir Guy Carlton, a fine-minded and most honorable man. He consented to my marriage with Amy, and at my earnest request gave permission for her to come over to this country with his sister, Lady Denham. It was then thought that the war might be brought to a speedy close; but that is at present out of the question. I have of late been very anxious about Amy, and especially since I pledged myself to this enterprise. You do not know how dear she is to me."

"And does she love you as deeply?" asked Virginia.

"Can I doubt it when she has left country, friends, and all for me, God bless her! My only thoughts now are for her. My death would be a dreadful blow to her. She is not as strong as you are, and could not so well bear an affliction. Hers is one of those hearts which will quiver, bend, and break. Poor girl, she has not a thought, or wish on earth that is not connected with me."

"Poor girl!" repeated Virginia, "she is at least happy in loving and being loved."

Hammond continued, "she is very young, scarcely seventeen, and timid and sensitive to a painful degree. She will be your sister, Virginia, and you, who are like her, motherless and

glisterless, will love her. I know you must have felt your loneliness."

"Felt it! oh, my God!—but, go on—go on, Harry."

"I leave her to your care. Should I fall, you will send to her this package, and take her to your home. You will love her—you cannot help it."

"Is she beautiful?" asked Virginia, hardly conscious of what she said.

"To my eyes surpassingly lovely, but you shall judge for yourself."

They entered the house, and approaching a lamp upon the mantel, Hammond took from his bosom a miniature. Virginia brushed away the tears which during their conversation had gathered on her eye-lashes, and gazed at it long and earnestly, then returned it to Harry, who, without trusting himself with a look, pressed his lips to it, and re-placed it.

"Now, Virginia, I have detained you too long, you look pale and ill from this night's fatigue. Besides," he added, with an attempt to smile, "Warren is waiting, and probably has something to say to you which would be more acceptable."

"Warren has nothing to say to me which you might not hear," interrupted Virginia.

"You will forgive me, Virginia, if I tell you that I think your treatment of him is unkind, almost resentful, an exact contradiction of yourself. You know him to be one of the noblest of men—you surely cannot doubt his love for you—your conduct is perfectly inexplicable to me."

"Speak upon any other subject, Harry."

"I will not mention it against your wish, but do not, I pray you, part from him to-night in unkindness. I am confident that you will regret it if you do. *Remember.*"

Warren, who had unavoidably been a witness of a part of their interview, was walking in the portico, when Hammond came out.

"The horses are ready saddled, and unless we make haste we shall hardly be in camp before day-break."

"I have waited to say some parting words to my cousin; are not you going to bid her adieu?"

"Oh, certainly if you think she expects it."

He stepped at once into the room. Virginia's head was bowed upon her hands, but on hearing his footsteps she started and turning so that the light might not fall on her face, rose to meet him, but cold and reserved to him who had seen her shedding passionate tears with her hand clasped in that of Hammond. A very formal parting followed, and a few moments after she heard their horse's hoofs as they rode out of the yard.

Toward midnight, Wayne divided his little

band of men into two detachments, preceded by the forlorn hopes, of twenty men each, to break down the palisades for the passage of the two columns. When they had emerged from the thicket of alders it was nearly midnight, and the tide having come in the morass was one sheet of water, but the brave men plunged in at once and crossed to the foot of the hill without being discovered. But at the first blow of the axes upon the palisades the sentinels were startled—the alarm was instantly given—drums beat the call to arms—lights gleamed along the fort, and the ramparts were covered with men. The next instant a brilliant light flashed over the waters, illuminating the country for miles around; and, from the cannon of the fort, a shower of balls and grape shot fell among the devoted men. Still they labored at their posts till a space was cleared for the advancing columns. Wayne himself was the first to spring through the opening thus made, and fearlessly led his brave men up the hill in the very face of that incessant shower. One constant blaze of fire played around the fort, and a tremendous cannonade was kept up. Every flash of light showed the awful carnage of that terrible night; Hammond, eagerly advancing at the head of half a dozen men as brave and fearless as himself, was struck by a cannon ball, and fell just as Warren and two others bearing Wayne, who had been struck upon the head, came up.

"Carry me into the fort—let me die at the head of my men," cried Wayne.

Warren resigned his place to a fellow soldier, and sprang to the side of Hammond. At that moment Fleury grasped the standard, and a shout of victory ran through the broken columns, echoed from man to man. Stony Point was won. Not a shot had been fired by Wayne's men, but with fixed bayonets, and under a terrible fire, they had pressed up the hill to the very entrance of the fort.

When the cloud of smoke rolled away over the river, and daylight came on, they counted more than a hundred of those brave men wounded or dead upon that red battle-field.

Virginia Reed had passed a sleepless night, and awaited with dreadful anxiety the morning's dawn. At last she saw approaching the house a party of soldiers, bearing a rude litter, constructed of the branches of trees, and preceded by Warren.

"Thank God! Thank God!"

He at least had not fallen; she sprung down the staircase, and meeting him at the door, extended her hand, exclaiming, with an agony of tears, "*you are safe.*"

He did not notice her passionate joy at his safety, but misinterpreting her language and

motives, wished that he had fallen in the place of his friend.

Hammond was dreadfully wounded—a ball had shattered his left arm so that it was amputated soon after, and his face was horribly disfigured. A long, delirious fever followed, in which the one theme of his wild ravings was Amy, his one passionate prayer to see her once more. Talula, who had come down on the day after the action, was half wild with grief, and when she heard that beloved name murmured by the lips of the sufferer, she said to Virginia, with a look of unutterable melancholy, “*she is one whom he loves.*” But not then, nor till weeks after did she divine the secret of the poor Indian maid.

CHAPTER VI.

For many days after Talula had looked upon Hammond, wounded and suffering, she was not seen by Virginia; and her tribe at the encampment missed her daily. Often at nightfall she would return, worn and wearied, and on her couch of skins moan herself to sleep, but she had ever been a wandering, restless girl, whom none had attempted to control, and now no one but Mantonak, her Indian lover, sought to know her grief. She turned from him, and wandered off all day among the hills, and when night came on threw herself upon the mossy turf, a few rods above the mansion-house of Colonel Reed, and wished she might die. One wish beside that lingered in her heart—she longed to see the maiden of *his love*.

Gradually a soft, refreshing sleep stole over her, and when she woke all the lights but one had disappeared from the mansion. That she knew beamed from the room where the pale-faced maiden watched her lover. Talula rose, and following the windings of a small brook, soon reached the gate, and threading the paths through the shrubbery stood beneath that window. Fragrant honeysuckles twined around it, and the air was redolent of perfume. The cool breeze from the water came up through the trees, and fanned the brow of the weary girl; she flung herself upon the moist turf and tossed the tangled locks of her long, black hair from her hot cheek. But not to sleep, for within she heard the moanings of the sick man in the delirium of fever, and every now and then gentle words spoken in the sweet cadence of affection; and sometimes a shadow would be flung across the white curtains of the window. Not to rest, for a fire was burning at her heart, a crimson flush was on her cheek, and unearthly light in her large, hollow eyes. While she lay upon the damp grass, the folds of white muslin which screened from view those within the apartment, were put carefully

aside, and a young girl leaned for a moment forth. Talula looked eagerly to catch a glimpse of her face, but saw only that she was very fair, and that her eyes were glistening with tears.

When she had dropped the curtains the Indian girl arose, parted the honeysuckles that twined about the window, and peered cautiously into the apartment. A white curtained bed stood so near that she might have touched it with her hand, and beside it, bending over the slumberer, that slender girl, clad in a loose dress of white muslin, with soft brown hair falling in curls over her shoulders; still her face was hidden from view. She laid her hand upon the cheek of her lover—bathed his brow, and pressed her lips to his till the very soul of Talula grew faint at the sight, and, uttering a low moan in her anguish, she turned away.

The next night, while Virginia watched by the side of Harry, she heard the low whistle of Talula through the open window. She silently admitted her, and saw with astonishment the change which a few days had wrought in her appearance. She was pale, worn and anxious, her step languid, her cheek haggard, and her eyes had a wild, restless, shadowy look. Her moccasins were torn and soiled, and her long, black hair, usually so carefully braided, hung in neglected, tangled masses over her shoulders. Virginia, bending over the dark-browed girl, placed her arm around her slender waist, and tenderly inquired what troubled her. Talula answered by a passionate burst of tears, and, clasping her hands mournfully together, leaned her head upon the shoulder of Virginia.

“Talula has come to bid you farewell, and to look again upon *his face*,” she murmured, glancing at the face of Harry, now quiet in slumber. Then, suddenly springing to the bedside, she smoothed his hair, laid his hand gently on her heart, and pressed her lips to his. He smiled in his dreams as the warm lips touched his own; but never did he know of the passionate love of the poor Indian girl. Virginia kept her secret well. As she turned away from his side, Talula whispered her wish to look upon the face of his beloved.

They stole softly out of the room, up the broad staircase into a sleeping room; and Virginia, screening the light with her hand, drew apart the curtains of a bed, revealing to the eyes of the Indian girl the fair, pleasant face of Harry's betrothed. Talula touched her lips to the soft, childish cheek resting upon the snowy pillow, dropped a tear upon the little hand that lay upon the counterpane, then drawing the rose-colored curtains around her, they left her to her slumber.

“Talula will come no more to the dwelling of the pale-face,” she whispered to Virginia, “all

are happy now, and do not need her;" then refusing all her kind entreaties to remain with her, to make her home among her white friends, and return no more to the forest, she flung her arms passionately around her and departed.

CHAPTER VII.

ABOUT six weeks after the occurrences above related, the lady of one of the patriots, residing a few miles below the mansion of Colonel Reed, gave a ball in honor of several American officers stationed in the neighborhood. The country, for some time previous much annoyed by marauding troops of British soldiers led on by tories, had now become quiet, and Colonel Reed thought it perfectly safe to leave his household for a single evening to the care of the domestics. He desired to attend himself for the purpose of meeting there a friend with whom he had business of importance. Harry, now able to go out for the first time since receiving his wounds, was particularly anxious to introduce to his acquaintances his beautiful-betrothed, and insisted upon escorting Virginia, but somewhat piqued at the conduct of Warren, she had decided to remain at home, pleading a severe head-ache as an excuse. She was aware that Warren was a particular friend to the lady who gave the ball, and one of the few whose presence was especially desired upon the occasion; but that officer, still stationed at a post up the river, awaiting orders to go south, had excused himself on account of wounds received in a late skirmish. Virginia, who had hardly seen him since the first week of Harry's illness, was convinced that his unwillingness to attend, arose rather from the unexplained estrangement, occasioned by pride and an unyielding spirit on the part of each.

Just after sunset Colonel Reed, with Harry and Amy, departed, having first given especial directions that the doors should be closed at an early hour, and promising to be at home a little past midnight. Virginia watched them until their horses disappeared at a turn of the road, and then took a walk through the garden and grounds immediately adjoining the house, hoping that the fresh air would relieve a dull head-ache, occasioned by a few days of over-exertion and anxiety. It was quite twilight when she re-entered the house, and having seen that every thing was arranged for the night, and given some directions to the domestics, she went up to her chamber and attempted to compose herself to sleep. But weary, ill, and unhappy, with her feelings intensely excited, and oppressed by some indefinable feeling of fear, her mind was tormented by a thousand strange fancies, and she remained for hours in that half-sleeping,

half-wakeful condition, when one is conscious of everything going on around, and yet when all outward circumstances are blended inseparably with dreams. Several times she fancied that she heard unusual noises about the house, and visions of fierce-looking tories passed before her eyes.

Again she seemed to stand on a little promontory overhanging Lake Champlain, when two Indians came toward its very verge dragging Talula, and while one held her by the arm, the other severed her long, black tresses. Then with a quick push they sent her over—a loud splash followed, and the waters closed over her—not forever, for her dark, mournful eyes glanced up reproachfully, and one of the men with a shudder loosened a fragment of rock from the cliff and hurled it into the lake, and above the roaring of the tempestuous wind through the dark pine woods the crackling of human bones, and a yell of mortal agony were distinctly heard.

The next instant the scene changed, and she stood alone in that wild cave where the hemlocks cast dark, fantastic shadows into the water. The stars of the summer night were out in the sky, and a night bird was singing a plaintive strain, and that mournful music changed to the low, bird-like whistle of Talula.

It was so perfectly distinct that Virginia, roused at once, sprang immediately to the window which had been left open, and, parting the curtains, looked cautiously out, still uncertain if the sound were reality. Everything was quiet in the garden, but the air was so cool and refreshing to her hot cheeks and aching head that she drew a seat near, and, leaning her forehead upon her hand, half closed her eyes in a dreamy reverie, smiling at her childish fears and fancies. The soft moonlight fell upon the gardens like peace upon a weary heart, and everything was bathed in a pale, silvery radiance. The long branches of the trees swayed gently back and forth, and through their parted foliage gleamed the bright waters of the Hudson.

While Virginia was dreamily glancing at the moonlit beauty without, she fancied that she perceived a man creeping stealthily along in the shadow of a long avenue of trees extending from the mansion down to the water-side. The next moment seeing similar figures all about the garden, she concluded that they were but shadows flung fantastically upon the grass by the heavy branches of the trees. Now the low, prolonged whistle of Talula stole up from the shrubbery below her window; she answered it at once, and quickly descending the stairs noiselessly that she might not disturb the household, she admitted her by the garden door. In a few hurried words Talula told her, that in a ramble at twilight

among the hills, she had overheard the conversation of a party of Tories, led on by Mr. Van Zandt, and instigated by Captain Proctor, who were coming at midnight to attack the house, while a detachment from their number was to intercept Colonel Reed on his way home, and make him prisoner.

It was now late, and there was not a moment to be lost. Virginia thought that Warren, three miles up the river, might, if apprized of the danger, be able to reach the mansion in time to save it from destruction. Pride and resentment were alike forgotten in the moment where his aid seemed all upon which she could rely. It would be folly to depend upon the presence of mind of the domestics, even had they been very efficient. She decided at once upon the course to pursue, awoke the household, and directing each to take care of herself, despatched Talula to warn her father of the intended attack, and herself set out for the camp of Warren, well knowing that no one would be so expeditious as herself. His post was across the river, and the bridge having been destroyed a few weeks previous to that time by the British, there was no way of crossing except in a little boat, which, when not in use, was moored in a cove at the foot of the garden.

She stepped in, and rowing with incredible swiftness, soon neared a landing-place upon the opposite side; but happening to think that her boat might be discovered and her return intercepted, with much difficulty she proceeded half a mile up stream to a retired place. Having secreted it close to the shore, and in the shadow of a dark clump of alders she found a path through a wilderness of willows to the foot of a declivity, where the soldiers had cut away the underwood, so that she was now able to find her way without difficulty. Before midnight she reached the place where Warren and his men were stationed, a rude, block-house in the very centre of the wood, and green and leafy as the abode of Robin Hood, or the gallant Marion.

The soldiers were grouped about upon the grass, beguiling the hours with laughter and careless songs. Warren sat apart from the rest, and was the first to perceive Virginia.

"Good God, Virginia, what is this?" was his first exclamation.

The poor girl sunk exhausted into the arms opened to enfold her, and that moment of certainty that she had needed and sought his aid—tacitly acknowledged her dependance on him, was one of most thrilling rapture to the sensitive lover. No professions or promises of love could have been so prized as that one confiding, imploring look—no words so sweet as the passionate whisper which claimed his protection and aid.

Warren instantly called his men together, and briefly stated the danger and the need of the utmost haste. The horses were immediately brought, and the riflemen, all well-appointed, brave fellows, young, active, and ready to follow their leader to the death, sprung to their saddles and galloped off in a northern direction, for the purpose of crossing a bridge about a half a mile above. Warren and Virginia went by the same path she had taken to row over in the boat. Before they had arrived at the place where their horses were to be left, a brilliant light suddenly shone far down the river, showing but too well that the Tories had commenced their work of destruction:

Virginia dashed madly on ahead of her companion, tossed the bridle over her horse's head, and sprung to the ground before he came up with her. Then with her hands clasped passionately, gazed with feelings of mingled terror and admiration at the blazing dwelling now distinctly visible.

"Is it not glorious, magnificent?" she exclaimed, "but oh, God, *it is my home!*"

The flames that wrapped the mansion now shot up in slender pillars, like those wizard lights which play their fantastic dance along the sky on a winter's night, then, twining and curling about the falling timbers, they swayed to and fro like banners in the wind. The fields of grain nearly ripened for the harvest caught fire, and the dense wood in the rear glittered with showers of golden sparks.

It was a scene of awful magnificence. The broad river glowed like a stream of melted lava between its banks, and far away in the background towered up the dark peaks of the Highlands, brought out into fine relief against the sky. Volumes of smoke rolled up from the doomed mansion, and hung over it like a funeral pall, while far away to the east black, fearful-looking clouds seemed to give warning of some dreadful tempest.

Not a human being was to be seen, but by the light of the blazing house Warren perceived, in a thicket of hazels just across the water, several horses secured and restively waiting their riders. He assisted Virginia into the boat, and both exerted their utmost strength to gain the opposite shore. They were obliged to row down the stream some distance, in order to avoid the sparks drifted along in showers. They had hardly landed, when two or three of the riflemen, in advance of the others of the party, dashed down the rough road, fortunately in season to prevent a more dreadful tragedy than those quiet waters ever beheld. A wild scream of terror pierced the air, and the loyalist, Van Zandt, a man of powerful strength, was seen on a bank projecting over the water,

dragging Talula by her long, black hair. The poor girl shrinking in terror from such a fearful death clung around him, but he tore her away, and with the loud shout, "die, dog of an Indian, die, traitoress spy," pushed her with a mighty effort over the bank. A loud splash was heard—a faint scream—and then the crystal waters closed over her.

"Save Talula—save her!" shrieked Virginia, who would at once have sprung to her rescue, had not Warren, who was a bold swimmer, prevented her. He dashed into the water, caught Talula as she rose, and bore her in safety to the shore. The poor girl, more frightened than injured by her cold bath, was soon revived and able to answer Virginia's first question, where was her father.

Talula had met Colonel Reed on his return, alone, Harry, being much fatigued with the ride, having consented to remain over night. He at once urged his horse forward, but in a little glen, about a mile below the mansion, a party of some ten or twelve men had suddenly appeared from an ambuscade by the road-side, and after much resistance upon the part of Colonel Reed, had succeeded in taking him prisoner. Talula, faithfully playing the spy upon the movements of the Tories, and eluding their vigilance herself, had watched them until they took a bridle path through the woods, leading to an old farm-house in a lonely, suspicious glen, long famed as a retreat for the loyalists of the Revolution. It was quite a strong-hold, being located between two hills, and accessible only by boats from the river side, or by making a circuit of two or three miles on the land.

Warren at once formed his plan of attack, happy to have an excuse for breaking up that noted retreat. Calling his men together, he divided them into two parties, and leaving one to guard the two females, he set out with the other for the farm-house. The path lay through a swamp, and long before they had emerged from it, a sharp flash of lightning was followed by peal on peal of thunder rolling through the dense wood, and seeming answered back by a strange, deep echo. The rain came down in torrents, and the forked lightning quivered among the trees, sending its fiery glare into the depths of the swamp. The horses, startled by the blinding flashes and the terrific peals of thunder, became unmanageable, and plunged madly from the path. The darkness constantly increasing, rendered it impossible to proceed further, except when the lightning guided them, and dismounting, each man waited impatiently for the storm to pass away. While they stood thus curbing their fiery horses as best they could, a sudden sharp flash of lightning revealed to them a human form lying

at the roots of a gnarled hemlock. In an instant darkness succeeded, but each man had seen, and now repented to his neighbor that the upturned face looked ghastly pale, and that blood was oozing drop by drop over the moist, green turf.

In fearful uncertainty, and with the most dreadful apprehensions, they awaited another flash of light which was to be the awful guide to that scene of blood. But the storm had spent itself, and died away with a dismal moaning sound through the damp woods; the moon sent here and there a flickering beam through the roof of leaves. Search was now made for the ghastly object which had appalled men, who, on the battle-field, knew not fear. Their worst apprehension fled on finding that the wounded man was not Colonel Reed, and that he still breathed. Two of the men took him in charge and bore him to the nearest dwelling, where his wounds, which proved not to be mortal, were attended to, and where he was recognized as the British officer, Capt. Proctor. In some quarrel with the demon, Van Zandt, he had been wounded and dragged into the swamp to die.

Warren and his men, after emerging from the swamp, secured their horses and proceeded cautiously to the farm-house, an old, dilapidated building, which had in the course of the war been somewhat fortified by the Tories. Through the uncurtained windows they saw some eight or ten men, all well-known as loyalists, grouped around a table, while Colonel Reed was secured in a corner of the apartment. Warren's brave fellows surrounded the building, and the party, finding themselves outnumbered, surrendered themselves prisoners.

By daybreak all the members of Colonel Reed's family assembled around their former home. The brook rippled along the turf in its silvery beauty, but the trees, whose shadows had slept in its bosom, were scathed and blasted, and from the blackened trunks the vines had been torn away, and lay in tangled masses upon the ground. Beyond the mansion-house lay a heap of smouldering ruins.

It was arranged that Amy and Virginia should go to Plattsburg, and remain in the family of Mr. Hammond until the country should become more settled; but in vain the two girls attempted to persuade Talula to take up her abode with them. She preferred her wild, roving life, and said with mournful emphasis that *their* home could not be *hers*—she choose her own people.

CHAPTER VIII.

ONE evening in midsummer, three years after the close of the war, an Indian woman came alone down the cliff to the little cove on Lake

Champlain, which had been the favorite place of resort of Virginia Reed in her childhood.

It was just as twilight was deepening into night, and everything slept in still, shadowy beauty. Quietly, unloosing a small birch canoe fastened to the slender trunk of a willow, she seated herself and rowed up more than a mile in the deep shadow cast by the trees into the water. There the lake curved into the mainland, and in the pleasant valley washed by its waters stood two dwellings, one a fine mansion-house, separated from the water only by an extensive garden filled with trees and shrubbery—the other a pretty, white parsonage embosomed in vines, through which its white walls gleamed in the moonlight.

She walked along the path by the water-side, and approached the little portico wreathed about with morning-glories and simple garden vines, with here and there the bright scarlet trumpets of the honeysuckle peering through, turned an angle of the building where the curtains were withdrawn from the windows, and gazed upon the scene within. On a sofa, at the opposite side of the apartment, sat an elderly gentleman, listening attentively as a handsome woman swept her fingers lightly over the keys of a sweet-voiced instrument, blending her clear voice with its tones. By her side, his arm wound tenderly around her, his voice mingling with hers, his heart in unison too, was one, whose countenance wore the expression of supreme happiness.

The Indian woman gazed long and fondly at the face on which the restless impetuosity of girlhood had given place to an expression softer, fairer, more loving and womanly; then with glistening eyes and faltering steps she went down the path, and, opening the garden-gate, entered the magnificent grounds surrounding that lovely country-seat.

The house was silent, but one faint light twinkled through the trees waving before an upper window. She went up the staircase and entered the darkened chamber, from which gleamed a single ray of light from a shade lamp. The blue damask curtains around the bed were partly drawn aside, and there on the soft pillow rested the fair, sweet, girlish face of the young wife and mother. How lovely she was in her pure, happy, innocent slumber!

On a rich couch, within reach of her hand, lay a babe—her first born. The Indian woman caressed the tiny hand, touched her lips to the rosy mouth, and breathed a blessing on its head. She also was a wife and mother.

As she passed down the stairs through the open door of a library she saw a well-remembered face, but resolutely she pursued her way. She unmoored her little bark, and in the soft moonlight guided it over the lake, looking once more fondly back before she left the sweet haunts of her childhood forever.

THE OLD MAID; OR, REMINISCENCES OF A PHYSICIAN.

BY O. O. GIBBS, M. D.

From time immemorial, old maids have been conspicuous marks for the shafts of ridicule. Blushing maidens, who are just ripening into womanhood, as well as the staid matron of riper years, alike reject this unfortunate class from their ranks, as the naturalist would discard a monster from his perfect classifications.

One might suppose old maids belonged to a different genus from the remainder of woman-kind; or that some moral error or mental deformity rendered them universally opprobrious to the rest of the world. Yet are they deserving the opprobrium they receive? Are the hearts and sensibilities of all withered away? Verily I believe not.

That there are termagants, who have frightened away what they most desired to capture, is conceded. Neither is it denied that there are those whose eyes see into everybodys' business but their own, whose ears hear all privacy, and whose tongues retail scandal, calumny, and detraction without stint or measure. But to this class belong only those who have long in vain held out signals of distress, and at last, through necessity, raised the starless banner and fallen into the ranks of old maidism.

But there are others who have voluntarily eschewed the joys of hymeniality, who possess the higher virtues that adorn the female character. There are those, the admired of all admirers, who seem to shun the paths of concubiality, and bury the cause as a hidden secret in the recesses of their own bosoms; devote their whole energies to the alleviation of human suffering and the promotion of happiness, and wander alone themselves adown the pathway of life to a solitary and unwept grave.

Many a time, in my round of duties, have I met a maiden lady of "questionable age" of the latter class, dispensing charities and consolations to the needy and afflicted. In the vicinity of her residence, where paid was, there was she to mitigate its severity; where sorrow laid heavily, there was she to cheer with her sympathies; where suffering, and want, and woe went hand-in-hand, there she lavished her diversified alleviations with the greatest prodigality. Destitute of kindred, so far as was known, yet beloved by all, she passed quietly on in her labors of love,

heedless of the praises bestowed, and the God's blessings invoked upon her head.

Health is a boon not always vouchsafed to mortals, and those even who do most to mitigate suffering and disarm death of its woes, must expect sooner or later, in common with the rest of humanity, to feel the agonies of pain, and the cold grasp of the king of terrors. Such was her lot. Not many months since I was called to minister to her relief, and found her prostrate before the fell destroyer of our northern clime. Consumption had crept insidiously upon her frame, and hung the deceptive signals of health upon her cheek. The canker worm had long fed, unseen and unheeded, at one angle of the great tripod of life; and the hollow cough, and hectic flush, and purly eye, and wasted form but told too well that its ravages no earthly power could stay.

Days and weeks passed on, and she gradually neared the grave. "Shall we in heaven retain our present identity?" said she, one evening, as I sat by her bedside, watching the gradual waning of the fountain of life; "shall we recognize there the friends and loved of earth?"

"Infinite wisdom and love," I replied, "will leave nothing undone which can contribute to the happiness of the recipients of His eternal bounty. We shall retain our identity, our mental peculiarities; without this death would be annihilation, and the recipients of heaven the results of a new creation. We shall recognize the friends and loved of earth there; shall unite in social intimacy with the cherished in other scenes, and shall revive old affections purified from the grossness of earth and the casualties incident to mortality, or one of the holiest passions of the human mind will find there no gratification."

For a time she remained silent, lost in mental abstraction, and seemingly reviewing the past and diversified events of a life now waning to a close. At length, with heart overflowing with emotion, she said, "it is hard, in early life, to see all our earthly idols broken—to see near and dear ones pass from our embrace down to the shadows of death—to see our bark of happiness wrecked before our eyes, and all its rich treasures perish forever—to bid adieu to cherished hopes, and see our airy castles fall in ruins. But

it is harder still to wander in loneliness down the rugged pathway of life, until the gates of death open before us—to close our eyes upon the world and step into the mystery-wrapped regions of futurity, with no expectation of seeing those we have loved, and for whom we have made many a sacrifice. Were the future not enveloped in mystery; could we know the cherished, long-sainted in heaven could look down to earth, read our every thought, witness our soul's devotion, and stand first to welcome us with joyous greeting as we approach the shores of immortality, death would present to us no terrors."

From inquiries and reflections like these, it was evident to me that her heart could tell tales of former affection, and her soul reveal the cicatrices of early wounds, and the shadowiness of hope's early blight. But my speculations upon this subject were not for long. For when nature threw off its white and snowy mantle, broke winter's icy fetters and took on the green and flower-decked robes of spring, she cast aside her cloak of mortality, passing from the humid airs of earth to the enduring spring and beatitude of a winterless and deathless futurity.

Among the effects left by the deceased was a diary, which, through the kindness of one of her friends, I was permitted to examine. A perusal of its contents solved the mystery of her loneliness, and relieved what curiosity her peculiar condition had awakened. To my readers a few extracts may not be altogether devoid of interest; and if there be any old maids among those who may give these lines a perusal, perhaps they may find some fact harmonizing with their own personal remembrances.

"August 12th, 1827.—To-day I am eighteen years of age, and oh, how melancholy! Many, on like anniversaries, are made happy by the grateful assurances of parental regard, but mine is a different fate; motherless, fatherless, alone; uncared for, uncherished, and unloved. Few of my years, I hope, have ever known the bitterness of the cup from which I have freely drunk. I had a mother once; but her soul took wings for the spirit world, and her body was robed in the cold habiliments of the grave ere I knew the extent of my loss. Why was she not permitted to carry, in her affectionate bosom, her orphan child to the pure world above, ere its heart had known the corrodings of grief, instead of leaving it to the guardianship of strangers in a heartless and unfeeling world! Why was I left here to buffet alone the wild waves of fate, without a mother's love or a father's protecting care? Spirits of parents gone be with thy orphan child; throw round the unprotected a buckler of defence against the snares of the heartless and designing, and shed a light into conscience's sacred temple,

which, like the star that directed the Bethlehem host, may guide aright my unprotected footsteps!

"June 20th, 1830.—Mine has been a life of isolation, yet I have long been conscious of the power of loving, and the desire of being beloved; conscious of the power of fixing my affections with a depth and oneness upon imagination's beau ideal, and the desire for an undivided reciprocity: now I am happy in the exercise of that power, and the realization of that desire. My life has been one long day of trials and sorrows, but a new light has broken in upon my path, promising happiness for the future; a slumbering cord has been awakened in my bosom, to vibrate, I trust, unceasingly. A kindred spirit has unsealed the gushing fountain of my affections, and my sensitive nature is in the enjoyment of its pent-up yearnings. To-day I have accepted the generous offer of another's love; and more, have promised to become his wife at a time yet indefinite in the future. Trials and responsibilities, I know, will necessarily accompany such a change, but what will a woman not gladly brave when encouraged by the sympathy and affection of those she loves. Having struggled long years alone, without the sympathy of a loving heart, I am perhaps too happy in the anticipation of a union with one to whom my soul is bound by the tenderest cords; one who stands high in the estimation of those who know him, and who has just entered upon the duties of the legal profession with high hopes and the most flattering prospects of success. Others may struggle for fame, for world-wide notoriety, but I have no higher ambition than to reign supreme in the affections of one noble heart. Others may covet in their admirers beauty of person, or greatness of fortune, but the loveliness of an exalted purpose and the richness of intellect are, with me, far weightier considerations. One glance of his dark eye thrills the beholder to the soul, and enforces the conviction of his superiority to common men. My heart is full of joy and thankfulness at the thought of becoming the wife of such a man; the companion of his life, the sharer of all his joys, and the alleviator of his sorrows.

"September 11th, 1831.—Life is a checkered scene of joys and sorrows, of sunshine and shade. To-day I was to have stood before the bridal altar, elated with the present, and happy in the bright prospects of a joyous future; but the wise controller of events has differently ordered. The idol of my heart lies upon the couch of suffering, weak and deadly pale. Physicians gravely tell me his recovery is doubtful. Oh, God! are all my heart's idols to be trodden in the dust; all my hopes blighted in the bud; are the clouds of loneliness to lower again upon me with redoubled

gloom? ' Father of the fatherless turn aside Thy descending thunderbolts; call not the loved so early away! Let not the Upas of death again rob me of all I hold dear on earth, hang a veil of mourning over the soul, and spread despair and desolation over the empire of the heart.

"September 20th.—It is finished. The struggle between life and death is over; the spirit has gone from its perishing temple; gone from the scenes of earth—from the society of friends—from the companionship of near and dear ones, the loving and beloved to untried scenes of an eventful future. Those who have never seen father, mother, ah, and dearer ones still, pass from their embrace to the voiceless tomb, and mourned in utter destitution their untimely loss,

know nothing of the agony that distracts my soul. But I will not repine; what matters it, though one wanders in loneliness and grief down to a grave, unhonored with affection's tear; yet, when earthly 'fettters are broken, the sorrowing spirit will cast aside its veil of mourning, take the wings of immortality, revive old affections purified from the grossness of time, and exempt from the casualties incident to earth. I will continue to love the cherished dead—dead! ah, no, they are living still! living near, though unseen, with affections for me purer than earth, since Eden was desecrated, ever knew; and my own will take a reflection of kindred holiness when I think of the loved made perfect in heaven."

THE SNOW DRIFT.

A LEGEND OF MOUNT SAINT BERNARD.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

"WOULD to God I could see the Hospice light!"

The speaker, who uttered these words in a dejected tone, had been, for many hours, toiling up the Alps. Years before he had left his home, in Switzerland, to make a fortune in other lands; and he was now returning, after many privations, to spend the residue of his days among his native mountains. All through the afternoon the sky had worn a lowering aspect, but as night began to set in, the signs of an approaching tempest became unmistakable.

It had been a bitter cold day, but the atmosphere was now more stinging than ever. The breath froze on the traveller's beard. High up, in the gorges of the mountain, the wind roared ominously; while clouds of snow, whirled from the heights, obscured the twilight, and occasionally almost blocked up the path. The few stars, which had shone faintly at first, were gradually concealed by the thick vapors; and then the flakes began to descend, at first slowly, but soon faster and faster, until at last the wayfarer was shut in, as it were, by a white curtain, which endlessly falling, never came to an end.

"Would to God," ejaculated the traveller again, as he staggered along, endeavoring to face the tempest, "that I could see the Hospice light, or hear the welcome bell! It is hard, after years of toil, and when the prize is gained at last, to die almost in sight of home. Ah! Elise!"

A gust of wind, that nearly prostrated him, cut short his soliloquy. He turned his back to the gale, for several minutes, and when the hurricane appeared to lull, faced the storm again. He struggled forward resolutely for some time more, the snow falling thicker and faster at every step; but at last, exhausted and chilled, he paused and leaned against a snow-bank. He felt that he

could not continue the conflict much longer. His feet were buried deep in the drift; his limbs were completely fatigued; and his spirits, which had sustained him all through the afternoon, were now broken down.

"Ah! Elise," he said, mournfully, "in vain we swore fidelity beneath the mountain spring; in vain I traversed the broad Atlantic to earn wherewith to stock our farm; in vain, I have escaped shipwreck and epidemic; for here, on this bleak hill-side, I must die at last. The fatal sleep is creeping slowly over me. Elise—Elise—ah! my God——"

He sank back, nerveless and weak as a child, and his voice died away in a whisper. His eyes closed. Death appeared already to have fastened its icy fingers around his heart.

But suddenly the sound of a bell, rising and falling on the fitful wind, broke on the fast fading senses of the wayfarer. A thunder-peal could not have roused him more effectually. He unclosed his lids; staggered weakly to his feet; and looked around in wild surprise.

The tempest appeared to be lulling. The wind blew less fiercely: and clear and loud, down the gale, came the tolling of a bell. A miraculous strength seemed to be imparted to the traveller. He eagerly shook the snow from his cloak, fixed his gaze in the obscurity from which the sound emerged, and began, with hurried steps, to wade through the deep drifts.

The tempest continued to lull. The flakes fell slower and slower, and at last almost ceased. The misty darkness faded away from him, and suddenly, as if by magic, a dwelling was seen, with every casement lit up, sending its ruddy gleam far across the waste. Behind the house rose the awful mountains, and around it was an

apparently endless plain of snow; but there it stood, ruddy, and warm, and cheerful, seeming to send its bright welcome out over the bleak plain to the heart of the wayfarer.

Oh! what a light came into his eyes at that vision. How his steps quickened, and his form trod more proudly, and his cheek reddened with the anticipated glow of the Hospice fire-side! He was a new being.

But suddenly as the vision came, so suddenly did it now disappear. The traveller had gained a spot opposite a deep and wild gorge, down which a gust of wind swept bearing a second tempest on its bosom. In a moment he was enveloped in a hurricane of snow. His eyes were blinded by the flakes, his steps were clogged by the drifts, and his limbs were once more thoroughly chilled. He could scarcely breathe, so thick fell the icy shower. Whirled around and around, and finally prostrated by the tempest, he lost all idea of his way, and, at last, bewildered, benumbed, and in despair, he drew his cloak over his head and resigned himself to death.

Such rapid tempests are frequent in the higher Alps, and are generally fatal. They burst with such quickness that the traveller has no time to prepare himself for them; and they rage with such violence that, though comparatively of short duration, they leave little hope of escape.

The poor wayfarer groaned audibly. He had listened, at first, after losing his way, in hopes to catch the tolling of the Hospice bell; but the thunder of the hurricane through the gorge drowned the feeble sound of the signal. The glimpse of the lighted convent seemed now to have been unreal; in the bitterness of his heart he thought it an illusion of the Evil one, like the wonderful mirage of the desert, of which he had read.

"Ah! Elise—Elise," he murmured, as his senses began again to give way before the invincible stupor that was mastering him, "it was only a cheat. I must perish like a dog here—and after such a vision of hope too. God have mercy on me for my sins!"

The wind roared wilder, the snow fell fiercer, the cold grew more intense. It was darkness above, around, below. It was darkness, too, in the wayfarer's mind. The white hills, that rose like ghostly islands out of the storm, swam in his vision; the sky, the falling flakes, and the white plain around disappeared from his sensual sight: in a moment more his intellect was wandering.

Yes! the delirium, which attacks those who perish by cold, was upon him. The last fatal sign of death, it is; for, once felt, the victim never more has strength to rise.

But, in his delirium, the traveller murmured to himself. Heaven mercifully sent sweet visions to him; and he dreamed of his early home, and of his long loved Elise.

Yes! he dreamed: and he fancied, poor sufferer, that she had placed a candle in the window, and that, lighted by this, he had crossed the bleak waste, and was welcomed to her arms.

"Ah! Elise," he said, brokenly, "it was a long and bitter way—you don't know how bitter. My heart was nigh giving out till I saw your light shooting far across the plain. That warmed me with new hope—and here I am, blessings on you, Elise." He was silent for awhile, when he again spoke,

"Yes!" he said, "I am weary, dear one—lay my head on your knees—kiss me—dry the snow from my hair," and then, after a pause, he murmured, "I am cold, Elise—take me in your arms—nay! it is death—death—death——"

What gleams of truth broke in upon him then who can tell? He drooped his head, and sighing faint words, but undistinguishable ones, passed away into forgetfulness.

The tempest went on, deepening with each moment, its loud diapason shaking the eternal mountains. Yet the wayfarer heard it not. The flakes fell fast, building a cairn over his prostrate form. But he felt not the snow. And so the night wore on!

The morning broke clear and bright. With early dawn the monks of St. Bernard, attended by their faithful dogs, set out to search for travellers lost in the terrible tempest of the preceding night.

Buried under a snow-heap, his cloak wrapped around his face, they found the lifeless body of a young man in the prime of early manhood. His face was calm, and a smile was upon it; but he was hopelessly dead.

The good monks bore him to the convent, and there a guest, who had been waiting, for several days, to welcome a brother expected from America, recognized the corpse as that of his relative.

But, in the midst of his grief and horror, he seemed to think less of himself than of another; for his constant exclamation was, "Elise—oh! Elise—it will break her heart."

Two days after he left the monastery, and was never seen there more.

Years afterward, on another spur of the wild Alps, where charity as yet had erected no Hospice, a nun, professing the vows of a "Sister of Mercy," might have been seen, after every snow storm, attended by two faithful mastiffs, searching for travellers lost in the drifts. Many a life she thus preserved. She bore traces of having once been beautiful; but there was a settled

melancholy in her eyes, which not even her divine faith could entirely eradicate.

If any one asked her history, the answer was: "She was once called Elise, and her lover was lost in the snow: that is why she devotes her life to save

unfortunates surprised by our Alpine storms." And this was all they could tell.

She is dead now. And yet not dead, for her memory lingers, like a sweet savor, and hundreds bless her name. Can such as Elise ever die?

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THE TEARS OF LIFE.

BY MRS. E. L. HERVEY.

DOWN among the smooth sands, paddling in the sea, with garments tucked up high above her knees, nay, gathered up and folded about her bosom, and only withheld from dropping on her young limbs by the little hands that clasped and buckled them fast in front, stood a child of some seven years old.

Bred from her birth in the very lap of the great ocean, for her mother's dwelling was a cutting in the side of the chalk cliff, little Katey loved the kindly waters with the love of a foster-child. Never were the surges too rough, never were the shining depths too treacherously glassy for her daring feet.

On this particular day, as she sported with the waves, it chanced that as she danced backward further and further into the sea, singing a careless chaunt of her own, an outbreak of some childish thought or emotion shaping itself into spontaneous melody—her eye was suddenly attracted to some object standing out bright and sparkling from the white chalk of the cliff. At first she thought it was a grey gull, or a foolish guillemot that had taken its stand on the jutting rocky ledge. She could plainly discern two wings waving on the air and fringed with numerous beautiful tints exactly like those masses of sea-foam, touched by the sunlight, with which she had so often sported. Upborne by the fairy pinions floated a form more lovely than anything the child had ever seen. What could it be?

As she asked herself this question, absorbed in her new wonder, the child allowed her garments to drop from her hold. No sooner were they released from her clasp than the wind filled them like a sail; and away floated little Katey, far, far out upon the bosom of the great waters.

One moment her affrighted gaze turned toward home. She heard her mother's shriek from the cabin in the cliff; and, mingling with that piercing cry, she fancied she heard, too, the old echo so often given back to her wild shout by the stony heights overhead. Then, as drowners do, she saw, as the heavy tides rolled over her and pressed upon her shut lids, green fields gleaming far away—bright lands she might never touch. Next, the giddy waves seemed whirling her round and round, and the engulfing waters choked her, till she swooned.

With returning consciousness the first object that met her eyes was the same fairy-like figure at which she had been gazing when the sea

flowed over her. On looking around she found that she was lying in a small cave or hollow of the cliff, midway up the steep. The floor on which she was stretched was a many-colored mosaic, formed of the fan-shells from the beach below; the roof she could not see, for the wings of the fairy being now bending above her completely arched it over, so that all that met her upturned gaze was one beautiful downy net-work, glimmering with opal-like and ever-varying rays, like those upon the ocean foam, as she had seen it at eve when sunset lay along the sands.

"Where am I?" was the first question of the bewildered child.

"In the cave of the fairy Cliffelda," was the answer. "Be at peace, sweet sporter, between earth and the sea!" continued the fairy; "live here, and be equally happy between the white wall and the cloud. Here shall no struggles await, no mortal sorrow overwhelm you. Until you learn to pine for your natural home, this shall be your dwelling; but once lament, shed but one human tear for the world you have left below, to swell the salt waves already over-riding the chalky barriers stretched far and wide to impede them, and you must hence forever."

"Wherefore?" cried the child, in still greater amazement.

"I will tell you," said the fairy. "Know then, oh sleeper in the sea! what it is that makes yonder waves so salt that our fairy lips turn away from it in loathing. That salt is the taste of human woe, the gathering of mortal tears into one great urn of the deep. Hitherto, you have played with and made a pastime of sorrow; it has never yet struck home to your heart. The tears of millions have flowed over your head this day, but your pulse throbs still, and the smile dances on your lip. Your life is secure till you shall add your first real tear to swell the vast heaving tide that rolls on forever and ever. *Then* beware! It will no longer be in my power, or in the power of any of my race to save you. Thenceforward, yonder bitter waves shall have dominion over you. Perchance it will be your fate to drink deep of them, till your soul shall be sick with loathing—aye, even of life."

The fairy ceased. The child pondered.

Few moons rolled over that vast sea before a change fell upon the child. Each moon, as it grew broad in the heavens, laid a single golden finger on the deep, and with it pointed to the

shore. The child could not look straight down below because of the dizzy height on which she lay; but she could mark the golden finger, and she could see that it pointed to her own beloved home, the narrow cabin at the foot of the cliff, whose very floor she well knew the high spring-tides were washing, whenever that golden-finger was so stretched across the deep.

It was not long before the child began to pine for her lowly home, and as a new and strange intelligence, beyond her years, dawned upon her, she whispered softly to her own heart, "why am I here? What have I done that I should know no tears? Beautiful was my sister's sorrow and sweet, when she was made to know her first great fault, and to weep over it. Sacred was my father's woe when he beheld me sink beneath the deep; for then I knew he lifted up his hands, and, looking on my sister, blessed God that I died in my young days of innocence. My father was a hard man, but he is gentler now: my sister walks softly in her sorrow. Why, oh, why am I only to know no tears! Though this floor were of gems instead of the little tide-shells, and though the bright wings I see waving above me were angel wings, yet should I pine for earth and its chastening sorrows. To the strange nature of this fairy creature, tears may be bitter; but oh, they are sweet to us!"

Thereupon the child wept. As she dropped her first real tear to the rippled sands below,

the child felt herself falling gently downward, so gently that it seemed as if unseen wings were supporting her from beneath, in order that she might descend the more softly.

Soon after she lay at her mother's door that opened on the sands; eager to enter, she turned but one look back. There she beheld the fairy Cliffelda soaring upward to her cave on the cliff's ledge. She thought too, that, in spite of her strange teaching, the fairy smiled approvingly upon her, and that the eyes of Cliffelda herself were not quite as dry as they should have been had her practice been consistent with her preaching. But perhaps fairy tears, less bitter than mortal ones, feed only the rivers!

In her own home all beheld her in wonder. No one believed the tale she told of Cliffelda. It was rather supposed that the tide had cast the child Katey, yet living, at her mother's door; still less was she listened to when she told what it was that made the sea waves so salt.

Time passed, and the child Katey grew up in tenderness and truth. In place of the wild freaks of childhood, a softer and more chastened spirit ruled the girl as she advanced in years. And if, in her early womanhood, some sorrows found her, it was ever noticed that at such times she looked upward, some said to the cave on the rock's ledge, the dwelling of the Cliff-side Fay; others thought that she looked higher, even unto heaven.

THE WOMAN WHO HAD NOTHING TO DO.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

CHAPTER I.

"WELL, Mary," said Charles Lewis, to his young wife, who had returned after an absence of a few days from an exploring expedition, "I think I have found a place which will suit us both."

"Where is it?" inquired Mary.

"In Bloomfield, about fifty miles from here. There is not a single store within four miles, and every person I mentioned the subject to is of the opinion that I cannot fail to do a good business."

"And can a suitable house be obtained?"

"Yes, one that will exactly suit you. Were you to see it, you would imagine that it was built on purpose for us. It is white with green blinds, and is literally embowered among trees and shrubbery."

"Are there any flowers?"

"Plenty of them. They border all the paths, and as for roses, judging from the number of bushes, we may, if we please, have a 'feast of roses,' as they do in the East."

"According to your description, it must be an earthly Paradise. When shall we go?"

"Next Monday, if you can be ready as soon as then."

"I could, if necessary, be ready before that time," was Mary's reply.

Though Mary's expectations had been raised high, she was not disappointed with the appearance of their new place of residence. It was exactly what she wished. By the close of the week everything was arranged, and all the apartments wore a neat, quiet, home-look. Mary had never been accustomed to do housework, having before her marriage taught school for a livelihood; but she had, whenever opportunity presented, been a close observer, and bade fair with a little experience to make a most excellent house-keeper. Though her husband thought that it would be impossible for her to get along without, at least, a girl of a dozen or fourteen years to assist her, she told him that she could at any rate make the attempt, as they could not afford to increase their household expenses.

"Don't you think, Charles, that I am nearly equal to Irving's Mary?" said she, one day, as for the dessert she placed some fine strawberries and cream upon the table.

"I am sure I do. How very fragrant they are."

"That is partly, because they are fresh from the vines."

"Who gathered them for you?"

"No one—I gathered them myself."

"But we have none in the garden."

"I found these in the fields."

"Let you find them where you would, they are delicious, I believe that they are superior in flavor to those which are cultivated. Didn't you find it fatiguing to rove round the fields after them?"

"I was a little tired by the time I reached home, but I shall enjoy my reading and sewing all the better for it this afternoon."

"Speaking of reading makes me think of the magazine I took from the post-office as I came home. Among the contributors, besides our favorite Mrs. Stephens, I noticed the name of Miss Ella Rodman, the author of 'The Valley Farm,' and several other fine writers."

"I'm glad the magazine has come. The little room we have fitted up for a library will be a delightful place to read in. Those maples shade the windows and create a cool, delicious gloom, while the rustling of their foliage makes exactly the right kind of music for one who wishes to read or indulge in revery. You must not be surprised if the rural influences by which I am surrounded, prove so inspiring that I shall, one of these days, write something for Peterson's Magazine. Don't you think that the name of Mary Lewis would look very well on the list of original contributors?"

"Admirable."

"I wish you could stay at home this afternoon and read with me."

"Oh, never fear for me," said he, gaily, "as long as I can measure calico and ribbons, an employment which is delightfully varied by weighing sugar, coffee, and tea."

CHAPTER II.

HALF an hour afterward, Mary had seated herself near the open door of the library, whence whenever she chose she could step out upon a smooth green terrace. She had just commenced cutting open the leaves of the magazine, when she was somewhat startled by a voice that said,

"You are the lady of the house, I take it."

Looking up, she saw a tall and lean, yet vigorous-looking woman standing at the door.

"I am," was Mary's answer.

"And my name is Pickins, and as I am your nearest neighbor, I came right in without knocking. I set out to come and see you yesterday afternoon, but Mrs. Hopson came in and hindered me."

Suspecting that she had come with the intention of spending the afternoon, Mary invited her to take off her things, and then conducted her into the parlor.

"This is my work," said Mrs. Pickins, opening a large bundle as soon as she had seated herself. "I've a large family to sew for, and have to improve every minute. I was telling Mrs. Hopson, yesterday, that if I was in your place I shouldn't be able to find an *airthly* thing to do a tenth part of my time. I should be *obleegeed* to sit and fold my hands."

"I read, or cultivate the flowers when I have no work which I am obliged to do," said Mary.

"Well, I know a body can read when worst comes to worst, but it is terrible dull music according to my way of thinking. And as for flowers, though I don't say but what they look pretty enough, there is no profit in them—they'll neither give you meat, drink, nor clothing. Mrs. Hopson and I were wondering between ourselves why you didn't keep a cow. Taking care of the milk and making a few pounds of butter now and then, would be pretty little work for you, and help fill up your time. And you haven't a mite of spinning to do neither. Well, as Mrs. Hopson and I said, it's a mystery how anybody that has no more to do than you have, can get through the day with any kind of comfort. I believe, if anything, it is worse than to have as much to do as I have. Only see what a sight of work I've brought with me, and there's not a stitch of it but that I may safely say we are suffering for. Here's an apron to make for our Sally, another for Kitty, a gown to make for Betsey, and the buttonholes to work on Sam's jacket, and how I'm ever to get them done is more than I can tell."

"If you are in very much of a hurry, let me assist you this afternoon," said Mary.

"Well, if you will take hold and help me a little while, I shall be the thankfullest *critter* that ever lived. Here's the buttonholes I spoke of to work on Sam's jacket—I know you are good at buttonholes—ain't you now?"

"I believe I can work a buttonhole," said Mary.

"I knew so. Now our Sally, though she's a good, smart girl about house, mortally hates to touch a mite of sewing, and as for buttonholes, she can't work one that is fit to be seen. You

see that this jacket is a pretty good piece of cloth. It looks as if it would wear well, and I don't think 'twill fade. By good rights the buttonholes on such a good jacket as this ought to be worked with twist, but I haven't a needleful in the world."

"I believe I have some that will do," said Mary, "I will look and see."

"So do—that's a good dear, and sometime when it comes handy I will give you as much of something. I calculate if Mrs. Hopson can go with me," said Mrs. Pickins, after Mary had found the twist, and commenced working the buttonholes, "to go and see Mrs. Creamly tomorrow in the afternoon. She's a grand, good woman to go and see. She knows how fond I am of warm cakes and custards, and so when I go to spend an afternoon with her, the minute it is four o'clock she puts the oven to heating, and then we have something to eat with our tea that's worth eating."

Mary, after this broad hint from her guest, thought that she could do no less than follow Mrs. Creamly's example. She, therefore, worked as hard as if she had been on a wager, so as to finish the buttonholes in time to bake some cakes and custards. When she rose to go into the kitchen in order to perform her task, she requested Mrs. Pickins to excuse her absence.

"The land," said her guest, "I hope you don't think that I am going to stay here alone while you are getting supper. I'm going to keep you company, for I wouldn't have you think that I'm so proud that I can't sit in the kitchen."

Mary remonstrated as far as politeness would permit, for, considering herself, as yet, a mere novice in the culinary art, she did not care to be subjected to the scrutiny of such an adept as Mrs. Pickins declared herself to be, during the performance of her onerous task. Remonstrance, however, to such a determined woman as Mrs. Pickins proved vain, and taking Sally's apron to hem, because as she said, "it was more *curlcesser* work than anything else she had to do," she followed Mary into the kitchen.

"You find the oven to be first rate, don't you?" said she. "That's the name Dorcas Griggs used to give it. Mrs. Grovsnor, that used to live here, was an ailing woman, and used very often to have to get Dorcas to help her."

"I haven't tried the oven yet," replied Mary, "I use a cooking-stove."

"Do tell if you do? Well, I couldn't contrive what kind of a piece of furniture that was. Its the first that was ever in the place. I've heard tell of 'em, but never had a great opinion of 'em—can't think it's possible to bake anything so well in 'em as in an old-fashioned brick oven. Come, now, supposing you should go and heat

the old oven just for the notion of it. I can tell you all about it, and perhaps you won't have another such chance for a long time."

But as Mary's wish to please was not strong enough to overcome her reluctance to trying the experiment of heating the oven for the first time, she declined in a quiet, yet so decided a manner, that Mrs. Pickins did not urge the matter any further. She kindled a fire in the stove, and hoped that when the room became uncomfortably warm, Mrs. Pickins would take refuge in the parlor; as the consciousness of being watched in every movement perplexed her exceedingly, and rendered her task doubly oppressive. She had underrated her guest's powers of endurance, when tried in the balance against her curiosity. She endured the heat with stoical fortitude, and evidently had no thoughts of withdrawing. At last Mary ventured to suggest, that as the stove made the room very warm, she would be much more comfortable in the parlor.

"Well, if you can bear the heat I guess I can," was her reply.

"I am obliged to bear it," said Mary.

"Well, I don't care for that. I wouldn't have you think I'm so selfish as to go off and leave you here all sole alone. You have to mope here by yourself full enough without a single person to speak to, and besides I love to watch the manoeuvres of young women when they first set up housekeeping to see how they carry sail, and if they bid fair to make good, smart wives."

Though Mary from the first had a kind of vague suspicion that curiosity was the real cause why Mrs. Pickins so pertinaciously insisted on remaining in the kitchen, this unceremonious announcement of her motive, by giving tangibility to her surmises, heightened her embarrassment to such a degree that she found it impossible to recollect whether she had put the requisite quantity of soda into the cakes she was preparing or not. This put her to the necessity of trying a small cake by itself, also to renew the fire, that the oven might longer retain the proper degree of heat. As the cake refused to rise, she found that she had omitted the soda altogether, which elicited from Mrs. Pickins the savory admonition, "to mind and always have her thoughts about her."

As soon as the cakes were fairly in the oven, "I want to know," said Mrs. Pickins, "if the currants ain't big enough to stew?"

"I don't know," replied Mary, "for as we have had plenty of strawberries, I haven't noticed them particularly."

"I guess they are," said Mrs. Pickins. "Come, supposing you and I should go into the garden and pick a few to make into *sass* for tea. They make first rate *sass*—an excellent thing to whet up the appetite."

The currants were accordingly gathered, and after due preparation were placed upon the stove to stew.

"There, now you go and set your table, if you want to," said Mrs. Pickins, "and I'll watch the currants, and see that they don't burn too."

Mary thanked her, and gladly availed herself of her offer, for the cakes and custards were nearly done, and she did not wish them to get too cold to suit her guest's taste. It was also about time for her husband to come home to tea, and as he had no clerk he would not like to be obliged to wait. When Mary returned to the kitchen, she was surprised not to see Mrs. Pickins.

"Here I am in the store-closet," said she. "I'm hunting round for a pan or something of the kind to set the dish of currants into to cool. There, you needn't come—I've found something at last. What a grand, good provider your husband is," said she, as she placed the dish of currants into a basin of cold water. "While I was in the store-closet, I took the liberty to look round a little, and saw that there was plenty of everything heart could wish."

In a few minutes Mr. Lewis arrived. While at the table, Mrs. Pickins gave him a faithful account of the household labor she was obliged to perform "week in and week out." She also averred that had she not seen it done with her own eyes, she could not have believed it possible that such complete cakes could have ever been baked in a stove oven. When she took leave, she assured Mary that she had found her to be a much more agreeable person than she expected—not half so proud or starched up, and that as for buttonholes, she *did* think she was the neatest hand at 'em of any person she ever came across.

CHAPTER III.

The next day Mary had starching and ironing to do, which besides the cooking and other necessary tasks, kept her closely employed till dinner time. The weather was uncommonly warm, and by the time she was ready to sit down in the afternoon, she had seldom in her whole life felt so much fatigued. As on the preceding day, she seated herself near the open door of the library, with the magazine in her hand, she could not help thinking that she had earned the right to read it. She had finished cutting open the leaves, and had read about half a page of "Julia Warren," when she heard some one rapping at the back door. On answering the somewhat noisy summons, she saw a large, awkward-looking boy, with a bundle in his hand.

"Will you walk in?" said she, after vainly waiting for him to make known his errand.

"Well, I guess I can't stop," said he. "Mother

has sent you Tim's best jacket and mine for you to work the buttonholes. She seed them you worked for Sam Pickins, and Sam's mother says you've nothing to do, and would rather work them than not. They must be done to-morrow by noon, 'cause Tim and I want the jackets to wear over to Uncle Hezekiah's."

"What is your name?" inquired Mary.

"Ben Hopson, and I live over in the red house next to the school-house."

Before Mary had made up her mind what to say in reply to this singular request, Ben had deposited his bundle on the door-sill and turned to go. She thought of calling him back, and sending word to his mother that she was busy and could not work the buttonholes; but a little hesitation on her part, gave him time to get beyond the sound of her voice, had she made the attempt. Having thus tacitly consented to perform the task so unceremoniously imposed, she took the bundle into the house and opened it. On examining the jackets she found they were of a sleazy fabric, which would ravel at the slightest touch. This would make it very difficult to work the buttonholes in a manner at all satisfactory. As there was nothing sent to work them with, she concluded that Mrs. Hopson expected that she would find whatever was necessary as she had done for Mrs. Pickins. Having succeeded in finding some silk of the right shade, she with a sigh resumed her seat in the library with a jacket in her hand instead of the magazine. As she had anticipated, it required the utmost exertion of her skill to make them look decently. She worked with unremitting assiduity, and was barely able to finish them by the time it was necessary to prepare tea. Some sewing of her own that could not well be dispensed with, which with a little reading she had intended to employ herself with during the afternoon, occupied her time till late in the evening; and then she was far too weary to have any wish to read. The pillow was more attractive than even the absorbing pages of "Julia Warren."

The following day her household duties, as usual, consumed all her time till dinner. When she again took her seat in the library with the magazine in her hand, she found it impossible to give herself up to the full enjoyment of its pages. Rows of unworked, ravelly buttonholes seemed to form a kind of spectral framework round the columns of neat, clear letter-press. She started nervously at the slightest noise, for she was haunted with a presentiment that even then there were lots of buttonholes on their way, which by some means she would be inveigled into working, though she had made up her mind to refuse in the most positive manner.

"The buttonholes have arrived," said she, to

herself, starting quickly from her chair at the sound of a low, modest knock at the front door. She went and opened it, and beheld a pretty, rosy-cheeked girl of eighteen. She held a small bundle in her hand, and Mary was sure that there were unworked buttonholes in it; yet the girl's blue eyes beamed so modestly, and her voice was so low and sweet when she said, "I believe this is Mrs. Lewis," that Mary could not help inviting her to walk in, not coldly and ceremoniously, but in a manner so warm and sincere that the blue-eyed beauty's courage at once revived.

Mary insisted on her taking off her bonnet and spending the afternoon. She soon afterward took some sewing to encourage her young guest, (whose name she found was Ella Gray) to undo the roll of snowy linen, which, at her entrance, she laid on the table. She soon took it thence, and Mary observed that her color heightened, and her hands trembled as she unrolled it.

"Though I dislike very much to trouble you," said she, taking up a shirt-sleeve which was neatly made, "I have taken the liberty to call in order to request you to teach me how to make a buttonhole. But I mustn't learn on this," and restoring the sleeve to the bundle, she produced a piece of cloth, on which were sundry longitudinal perforations intended for buttonholes, all of which were decided failures. She was right in thinking that they did not look fit to appear on the wristband of the sleeve she had just exhibited.

"These are the best I can do," said she, "and you see what miserable-looking things they are, and they will be so unmercifully criticised by Edward's sister."

This allusion to Edward brought another blush to her cheek, deeper than before.

"Do you think it will be possible for me to learn to make buttonholes as nice as you can, Mrs. Lewis?"

"Oh, yes," replied Mary, "with a little instruction you will be able to make them quite as well."

"Do you think so? I am very glad, for Edward's sisters are so nice, and have laughed at him so much about being obliged, when we are married, to come to them to have all his nice sewing done. He wished me to show them that they were mistaken, by making some nice shirts for him. I have taken a great deal of pains with them, and have succeeded pretty well, I believe, till I came to the buttonholes. They were too hard for me."

"I suspect you didn't begin right," said Mary, and so it proved. By carefully following the directions of her instructress, her sixth buttonhole she felt sure was quite equal, if not superior to what Jane Horton, Edward's eldest sister, could work.

"So," thought Mary, as she listened to her remarks, and noted her earnest countenance, "by teaching Ella how to work a buttonhole, I have perhaps given her the means of working herself into the good graces of her future sister-in-law, without which her domestic happiness might rest on a precarious foundation."

And this reflection, when she remembered that Mrs. Pickins was the primary cause, somewhat ameliorated the feelings of dislike with which she regarded her too unceremonious next door neighbor. "There must," thought she, "be an end to the buttonholes," and so there was for that season, at least; but the pity lavished upon her because she had nothing to do, appeared to be inexhaustible. This while it sometimes amused her, still oftener annoyed her; the more so, because she really had so much to do, as to suffer more or less from fatigue every day.

One woman, when compassionating her on the subject, like the Widow Bedott on a different occasion, declared that if she had nothing more to take up her time than she had, she should be tempted to commit self-suicide. That Mary might not be beset by such an awful temptation, she told her that she guessed she should send her a cap and a collar to work.

"It would," she said, "be sweet, pretty little innocent work to amuse her with when she was all alone."

"So it would," said Charles Lewis, who entered in season to hear this last sentence, "but as ill,

or perhaps good luck would have it, Mary has got to make a dozen shirts for me, and I can hardly tell what beside. You see, therefore, that working the cap and the collar is out of the question."

"La, well," she replied, "if she only has some kind of employment to keep her from being low spirited, it's all one to me, I'm sure. I wasn't governed by any selfish motive. I despise being as selfish as Mrs. Pickins is. I wish though I hadn't gone to the expense of buying the muslin. I got plain muslin instead of sprigged on purpose for your wife's sake."

"I am much obliged to you, Charles," said Mary, after their neighbor had gone, "for relieving me of the cap and collar, but I thought that you had so many shirts, that you would not care to have any more made, at present."

"You thought right. You can, if you please, be the next dozen years about them. It is, however, necessary that you make an immediate beginning, otherwise every woman in the village will have a cap and collar for you to work—not because they care about having them done, but because you have nothing to do."

It was soon circulated through the village that Mrs. Lewis had a dozen shirts to make; a circumstance, which, while it saved her much time and eyesight, proved a great injury to the sale of her husband's plain muslin. The sprigged, however, went off with unexampled rapidity.